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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE most important news of the week is decidedly the publication in the *Patrie* of a statement to the effect that France and Russia intend to intervene between the Northern and Southern States of America, and to prevail upon them, if possible, to sign an armistice of six months, with a view to negotiations, during which, as a matter of course, the ports now blockaded would be thrown open to commerce. We fancy, however, that the *Patrie's* announcement is, to say the least, premature. It matters comparatively but little to France, and really nothing to Russia, how long Federalists and Confederates go on cutting one another's throats. It is, to be sure, one of the old secrets of Russian diplomacy, now pretty well exploded, to be perpetually interfering in the affairs of other countries, so as to keep the world familiar with the idea that Russian influence, secret or open, is felt everywhere; but, probably, no one in Russia is really suffering from the present dearth of cotton, except a few English capitalists who have invested money in cotton-mills. There can be no distress among Russian spinners and weavers; for there is now such abundant employment in that country for field labourers that an operative who can find nothing to do at a factory has only to go back to his original occupation of tilling the ground to be sure of gaining at least enough to subsist upon.

In France, we have no doubt, the cotton famine is felt severely, both at Rouen and at Mulhausen; and it is well known that the Emperor fears the discontent of large bodies of the working population at home much more than he would be likely to fear the temporary annoyance of the American Government. Nevertheless, the interests of France are infinitely less affected by the war than those of England; and or that very reason there may be some chance that the advice of France will be listened to. If England, alone, were to make the slightest approach to an offer of mediation she would be at once accused of a mere selfish wish to obtain cotton; and the opening of the ports really would be such a blessing to our manufacturing population in the north that we could not pretend to be disinterested in addressing words of peace to the

combatants, and entreating them to put up their arms, if only to give an opportunity for a reasonable parley.

Even if France has not, conjointly with Russia, made a direct proposal to the American Government, the mere fact of such a proposal being discussed in all the French and English papers must bring some kind of reply from the



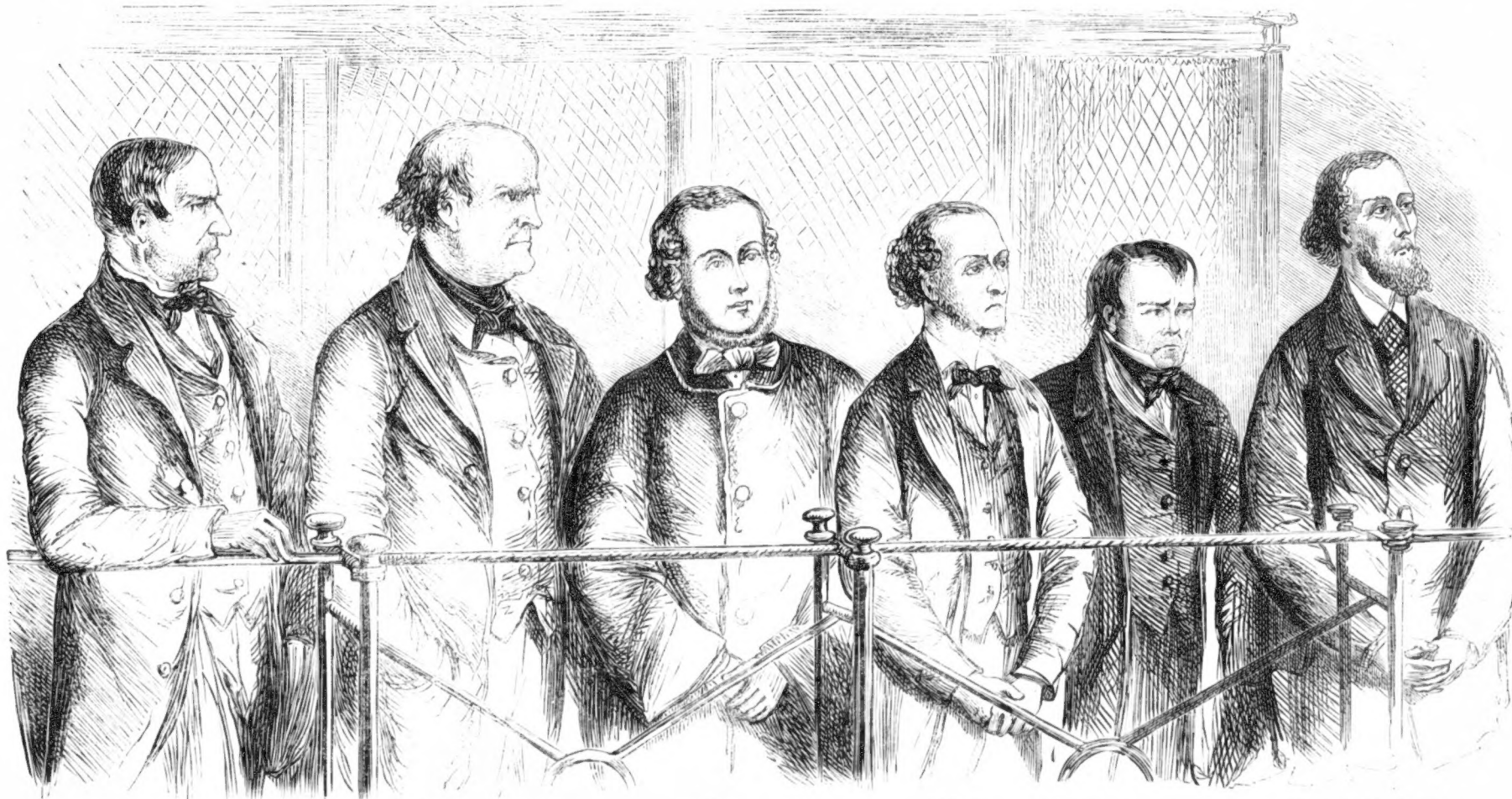
THE BANK-NOTE FORGERIES: HENRY BROWN, WITNESS FOR THE CROWN.

other side of the Atlantic. We shall at least learn whether the idea of intervention is as repugnant to the Americans now as it was a year ago when the Emperor of Russia first suggested it; and much of the recent correspondence from New York would seem to show that it would be not merely not disagreeable but positively welcome.

Even under existing circumstances it is rather difficult to understand why, now that one of the chief Southern ports has been open for some months, it should still be as impossible as ever to procure cotton from the Southern States. The newspapers explain the matter according to their political opinions. The friends of the North declare that we have the Southern cotton-planters, and them alone, to blame; that but for the determination of this class to withhold all cotton supplies from England, so as to force us sooner or later to take their part, we should have been provided long ago with the material for lack of which the working men of Lancashire and Cheshire are now brought down almost to starving point. The friends of the South, on the other hand, maintain that the Northern Government places all possible obstacles in the way of exportation, and that the planters would gladly oblige us with cotton if they were allowed to do so in the ordinary way of trade. It is, indeed, quite certain that when vessels succeed in passing the blockade at Charleston and other Southern ports they find no difficulty in getting cotton in exchange for medical stores; but no trade can be carried on under imposed conditions—such, for instance, as when the seller is only allowed to receive payment in bills which are of no use to him, and when it is strictly forbidden to offer him the very goods of which he is chiefly in need.

The Austrian journals inform us that the Provincial Diets of the empire are about to be convoked. A new Reichsrath will be elected, and there is once more a very faint chance that the Hungarians may be persuaded to send Deputies to it—that they will resign their ancient constitutional birthright for the mess of German Parliamentary pottage offered to them by Herr Schmerling.

Letters from Warsaw state that the order for taking recruits



BUNCHER (THE BUTCHER).

CUMMINGS (RETURNED CONVICT).

BURNETT.

BREWER.

GRIFFITHS (THE PRINTER).

WILLIAMS (ENGRAVER).

THE BANK-NOTE FORGERIES: EXAMINATION OF THE PRISONERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Our journals have been chiefly occupied with news brought from the North, and in details of the affairs of which I advised you in my last, more especially of the affairs of the *disenfranchisement*. The *Diario de la Marina* especially has had something to say about the latter, and in each issue, as also of the English schooner *Sargatia*, which I say involves the same principles. You will remember that this vessel left St. Mark's, Sept. 27, with a cargo of cotton, and on the 6th inst. left Cuba bound, and in Spanish waters, was seized by an American iron-sided steamer, supposed to be the *San Juan* of Cuba, and driven ashore on the coast. The words of war which were sent out from here immediately after the affair of the *Rancher* were that the *Sargatia*, which I told you had been seized, and being taken to the *San Juan*, the *Diario* refers to her as being a *buque de guerra*, and owing to this it is recorded as the right of capture with her in 1795, when, in the papers, and of employing every means to protect the vessel, and all was captured in their jurisdiction, whether it was or not with the nation, of which the capture is being. Spain, on Dec. 17, 1795, Jan. 1, 1797, and again on May 3, 1830, decreed and confirmed a law to the effect that no foreign port, and as this has never been protested against, and has been protested by England, she still claims it. The Americans say that whether it was the *Sargatia* or some other cutter, though there is no doubt now, was not our port in the *San Juan*, and it is, in, and in the course of the affair took place. The expedition, and one of the crew of the *Blancher* appeared before the English Consul and made complaint, and protested. A Spanish brig *Comet*, from Matanzas, was bound at that time, and on the 7th, by a boat from the *Blancher*, took her papers to the harbor street, the visit was noted on her papers. The captain says that he was forced to leave by having driven an English steamer ashore on the coast of Cuba, and of having then set her on fire. The *Blancher* makes of the "forced possession" of the *San Juan* and says that on the 6th inst. she calls them "pirates." The other trade vessels to the

Alcedo de Mar and his son (Spanish authorities, who went on board and helped the Spanish flag); and also says that, though the United States Government will undoubtedly condemn the act, apoplexy, and remorse, still it is not enough. The whole world has been insulted, and the rights of a people have been outraged. The *Barrio* of the 14th contains Captain Smith's protest, which gives his version of the affair. The Washington, with Commander Wicks, came in on the 10th inst., and left again on the 14th. She came in again on the 15th, and is still here. Great talk has been used by the arrival of about 100 persons from New Orleans, who are called "refugees," and the *Barrio* tells the compassion of the Havana for them. Some are respectable people, though about thirty of them were refugees from Spanish justice, and some have now been lodged in prison, while others have been put in the clanking. The damages claimed for the *Blanche* are: For the steamer, \$100,000; for 283 (2) bales of cotton, at 50 cents, \$141,750; for losses and damage suffered by the crew, \$19,000; for: grand total, \$260,750. "This is what the affair of the Montgomery will cost the Government of the Northern States," says the *Barrio*.

STATE OF THE FEDERAL ARMY.

A correspondent of the *New York Times*, writing from the headquarters of the army of the Potomac, Oct. 22, says:—

The morale of our soldiers is not what it has been. I hardly care to give the detailed revelations that would justify this statement, but the fact is known by all who have the opportunity of judging. . . . Plunder, license, abandonment of self-respect, and general demoralization are sufficiently well-spread in the army to be alarming. And these are aggravated by the fact which American soldiers should not be called upon to bear. Many are discontent in clothing, shoes, and shelter, and shiver in blankets in the miserable open *huts cubra*, through which the cold night wind sweeps at will. Thousands have not yet received the knapsacks they were to have on their backs on embarking at Hampton's Landing, and the Government has not yet supplied them with others. . . . Higher up there are other and more perilous elements at work. Among those in high places, fops, and mis-styles flourish rancily. Probably never, out of a troop of over-credulous officers, is there such a case where an abundance of well-matched efficiency is brought together without the mind of commanding superiority to subordinate these petty differences. I know not what far-reaching influences have been at work, but all patriotism seems eaten out of the heart of the regular army men. . . . At all, a soldier said to me the other day, "McClellan is magnificent up to a certain point, but at that point his mind seems to lose its momentum." . . . Yet all (the army) feel it is useless to deny it—that no man better than he has yet shown himself; no man even as good as he. It is a pathetic state, this, we are in.

The correspondent of the *World*, writing on the same day from the same place, is equally outspoken:—

These observations with impartial feelings has convinced me of several things concerning the spirit of our officers and men, which, however unpleasant to contemplate and believe, is, nevertheless, so true and so directly the result of our military blundering that it is useless to shut our eyes against the facts. . . . There is not an ardent soul in this land that more earnestly desires to see the end of this war than does the great majority of the officers and men in this army. So strong has this feeling become that hundreds and thousands have become intensely disgusted with the service, and are anxious to leave it. Resignations of the very best field and line officers are going in by the score, and are only retarded from taking effect by the exercise of the military prerogative of disapproval. The men are discontented, and many of the brave rank and file also prefer the dishonour attaching to desertion to being dragged through another long period of inaction. . . . There are plain words, but they are undeniably true. There is one thing certain: the disruption of this nation is so near being accomplished that if the people of the North knew the whole truth they would be struck dumb."

INTERVENTION, OR A DESPOTISM.

As a commercial nation, first in the world, England now should come forward and kindly but firmly say, "Stop!" If within sixty days after the President's proclamation takes effect something decisive and conclusive is not effected by the North, or peace be concluded, either by a reunion upon certain compromises by both parties, or a separation agreed upon, then the people of England will end the war in a most summary manner, and as seems to them best for the fighter—and for the world. Can't England find Ministers who are willing to face the music, and thus benefit the cause of humanity? Her present rulers do not seem able to cope with the vast matter. Are there not, then, men of might, of wisdom, of position, and of experience, that could do it? It has always been a rule that great events bring out great men. It is also an axiom that there is no rule without an exception. That certainly is true, for America is an exception. This war has developed giants, human dwarfs in war and in civil life. It has cast up all the offal of mankind into the high places. Search our cellars, poorhouses, state prisons, Tombs, grogshops, streets, and get the refuse and place them in power in the military and civil walks (such as are not already there), and they will overtop the old staid or new-tried men who control affairs. On that old Jackson would come up, or that we could find a Napoleon! There is but one step from liberty to anarchy, and one more to despotism. The French people went it pretty strong towards the close of the last century; it was liberty, then anarchy, and then they were rejected to find any man who could save them from themselves. Such a man was found in Bonaparte, and they cheerfully allowed him to call himself Dictator, Consul, Emperor, or anything else. We have had liberty—we have become arrogant, we have become infidels, God haters, slaveholders, and believed ourselves the real white salt of the whole earth. We are on the borders of, if not pretty well up to our necks in anarchy, and we will gladly welcome the advent of any man who will save us from ourselves. It is a curious fact, and shows how the race has degenerated, that we have no man who looms up among his fellows who is capable of becoming our master spirit. We have as yet discovered no man of the right stamp to govern us. Louis Napoleon seems firmly seated upon the throne of France, and is not likely to need a new throne. We know that he is stern, and not at all mealy in led about shedding the blood of his fellow-citizens. He would answer for us. The other Napoleon is too far. I do not see how we are to get along, but time will solve the riddle. I am quite sure that England could close the civil war within a period of sixty days if she would place in power an earnest Ministry. In this country we do not attach much importance to Lords Palmerston and Russell. If they were to threaten war it would be supposed that it was done for home political effect, and we would laugh at it. A new Ministry should send a special Ambassador with a special fleet and not take part with either side. Act as a stout man would do who saw a plucky little boy fighting a big fellow. Stop their fighting, knock their heads together, but make them both quit. Stop the blows of the big one and keep the little fellow from throwing stones. Knock up the blockade of Charleston, Mobile, Savannah, and New Orleans, and whip the rebels if they do not send at once to market their millions of cotton and other produce. By this course England would carry an immense party in both sections. She would allow public opinion to be developed. I do not think that any good would arise from French interference. A Frenchman is too thoroughly disliked for that. Both parties would unite against France and fight like dogs a dozen years if it was necessary.—*Letter of "Manhattan" in the Standard.*

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE SECESSIONIST SOLDIER.—The following remarkable scene connected with the President's late visit to the hospital at Elmhurst is narrated:—Passing through one of the wards devoted exclusively to Confederate sick and wounded, President Lincoln's attention was drawn to a young Georgian, a fine, noble-looking youth, stretched upon a humble cot. He was pale, emaciated, and motionless; for fear of blood and noise vibrating, as it were, between life and death. Every stranger that entered caught his restless eyes in hope of their being some relative or friend. President Lincoln, observing this youthful soldier, approached and spoke, asking him if he suffered much pain. "I do," was the reply; "I have lost a leg, and am sinking from exhaustion." "Would you," said Mr. Lincoln, "shake hands with me if I were to tell you who I am?" The response was affirmative. "Then, would," remarked the young Georgian, "be no enemies in this place?" Then, said the distinguished visitor, "I am Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States." The young sufferer raised his head, looking upward, and freely extended his hand. When Mr. Lincoln took and pressed tenderly for some time. There followed an instructive pause. The wounded Confederate's eyes melted into tears, his lips quivered, and his heart beat full. President Lincoln bent over him motionless and dumb. His eyes, too, were overflowing, thus giving utterance to emotions far beyond the power of language to describe. It was a most touching scene. Not a dry eye was throughout. Silence was subsequently broken by a kind, conciliatory conversation between the President and this young Confederate, when they parted, there being but slim hopes of the latter's recovery.

CARIBALDI.

CARIBALDI has been removed to Pisa. The climate there was recommended by his physicians as peculiarly favourable to him, and he therefore expressed a wish to be removed thither. Telegrams received from Pisa announce that he has arrived there in good condition of health.

A surgical report on the wound of General Garibaldi has just been published by Professor Partridge, of which the following are the most important portions:—

I saw the General on Oct. 29, the day of my arrival at Spezia, where he occupied a suite of apartments on the first floor of the Marine Hotel. I was present at the afternoon dress-ing on that day, and on the following one I made, in conjunction with Dr. Pirogoff, the chief of the medical department of the Russian army at St. Petersburg, and perhaps the first authority on gunshot wounds in Europe, a careful, quiet, and satisfactory examination into the state of the General's wound and its progress.

It should be stated that on the day preceding the consultation M. Nèlaton, the eminent French surgeon, examined the wound with a probe, and believed that he detected a hard substance, which he declared to be the ball, about an inch within its orifice. His recommendation was that the wound should be gradually enlarged by means of tents of increasing size, by which he anticipated that in the course of five or six days the ball could be readily removed by a pair of forceps.

On the 29th of October, at the consultation, the question of amputation was proposed, discussed, and, happily, rejected as unnecessary and uncalculated. At the same time M. Porta, the experienced and distinguished surgeon of Pavia, made a searching examination with his little finger thrust forcibly and deeply into the wound, but, though he turned the finger round in every direction, no bullet could be detected, showing that M. Nèlaton was mistaken in supposing that he felt the ball within an inch of the orifice of the wound; in fact, the bullet has never yet been felt by any one, nor have its presence and whereabouts been determined by actual demonstration.

M. Pirogoff thought that the ball might be lodged deeply in the lower joint of the greater and lesser bones of the leg (the inferior tibio-fibular articulation), and he based this opinion on the greater width (three-quarters of an inch measured by a pair of calipers) between the ankles at the sound and of the wounded foot, but the purely condition (oedem) of the parts about the joint, caused probably by the severe examination on the 29th, accounted to my mind for this difference, and the most careful examination and pressure with the fingers in various situations about the articulation failed to detect any hard substance or to indicate the presence of matter, nor could any matter be extruded from the wound by pressure at the supposed site of the projectile. Up to the present time, therefore, though it would be presumptuous in me to declare the impossibility of the bullet being in the leg, I see no reason to change my first opinion, agreeing as it did with the result of M. Porta's examination on the 4th of September, only six days after the injury, and confirmed as it was by M. Zenetti, of Florence, at our consultation on the 19th of September, viz., that there is no present evidence of the ball having lodged in the wound. It must be borne in mind that the shot was a large, obliquely-ended rifle bullet, weighing more than an ounce, fired old quail from below and in front, at a distance of only 150 or 200 paces, which penetrated trousers, boot, and stocking, and broke off by an obliquely-transverse linear fracture a central ankle-bone, but without smashing or comminuting it, though the fracture had open, of necessity, the ankle-joint.

The bone discharged from the wound from time to time has been in the form of fine and like particles, and only once has a fragment equal in size to that of half a pea come away. At present the joint is more swollen than when I saw it at Varignano—probably the result of the examination of the 29th, of which the General vividly complained. The foot, though otherwise in good position, is turned a little more inwards, owing, I believe, to the want of support from the broken-off internal ankle. The joint is free from pain, and can be moved in flexion and extension.

The General's health is excellent, and his face and expression are quite unchanged; his appetite, sleep, &c., are also good; in fact, he has little of the outward appearance of an invalid. The leg is suspended in a Sauter's swing fracture-cradle, sent to him by his English friends, and he reposes on an invalid bed which I was commissioned to select and send out to him from England, upon which he was removed from Varignano to Spezia, and which affords him the greatest comfort and ease. We found him at first in a confined room, with the windows posted up; but, on the day I left Spezia, his removal was effected into a large and airy adjoining saloon. The General has been overwhelmed with visitors, whose intrusion, of necessity, greatly fatigued him; and I am sorry to say that our own countrymen and countrywomen have been the most pertinacious intruders.

IRELAND.

THE CHANCELLORSHIP OF DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.—The Earl of Rosse is to be the Chancellor of the University of Dublin, in the room of the late Lord Primate. The Lord Justice of Appeal, who had been proposed, has gracefully retired, that one of the greatest astronomers of the age, one of the greatest living ornaments of science, may be elected without opposition. It is true this University is not Lord Rosse's Alma Mater, and that was an objection; but if that was a fault it was his father's, not his. He is, however, himself among the few Irish noblemen who allow their sons to be educated in the Dublin University.

SEARCH FOR HAYES.—Believing this wretched fugitive to be wandering about the Irish-sea-board coast, in the hope of embarking in some passing vessel, two gun-boats, the *Blazer* and *Adyca*, have been dispatched from Queenstown with a large complement of men on board, together with some of the constabulary, for the purpose of cruising off the coasts of Waterford and Cork, and searching the shores.

OUTRAGE.—A letter from Carrick-on-Shannon says that on Friday night the house of a man named Owen McBrien was fired into through the window, breaking twelve panes of glass and lodging several slugs in the wall opposite and in the room where McBrien and his wife were in bed at the time. Suspicion attaches to a man named William Newman as being the man who fired the shot. He was immediately arrested by the police, who searched his house and found a paper therein corresponding with the wadding found in McBrien's room. A bad feeling existed between these parties for a long time previous.

FLAX CULTIVATION.—The agitation in favour of flax-growing is daily increasing. A well-informed writer states that Kildare, Wicklow, and Meath are possessed of a soil in very many places far superior to any in the north for flax-growing; that flax grows well on reclaimed bog; that a good wheat soil is a good flax soil; that it is no more exhausting as a crop than wheat or potatoes; and that any exhaustion can be counteracted by irrigating the land with the steepwater and using the seed as food. Meadows where flax has been grown also yield excellent grass. The *Northern Whig* strongly advises cultivation of flax in Tipperary, and mentions that it has been handed specimens raised in that country which, for beauty of colour and sickness of texture, will bear comparison with the most highly-priced parcels produced this season in any other part of Ireland. In the present year Ulster has raised 146,432 acres of flax; Connaught, 1490 acres; Leinster, 820 acres; and Munster, with its six million and odd acres of area, included in which there are vast tracts of the finest flax lands that ever lay to the sun, only grew 1270 acres of flax.

FACTION-FIGHTING IN TIPPERARY.—Those who may have supposed that Irish faction-fighting had no longer existence, except in local tradition, or in the pages of the sensation novelist, or the duped tourist, will find themselves rudely undeceived by a document which appeared in the *Dublin Morning News* a few days ago. This document is a pastoral letter from the pen of the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy (dash), exclusively devoted to the subject of faction fights. Some of these factions have their origin from a grotesque and absurd cause. In former times there was a bull located near the town of Tipperary about whose age some persons disputed. One party asserted he was three years old, and another swore as lustily he was four, and hence the titles of the opposing factions—"Three-year-olds" and "Four-year-olds." I was a time when a lesser matter would suffice for riot, or fury, or blood-thirstiness, and blows came. One party, of course, was defeated, and hatred sprung up against the victors, husbanded for a day of greater strength. Then there came another trial by battle, and defeat on one side or other added fuel to make the flame of discord grow. Thus it went on. Their existence has been marked by the ruin of many a home, the widowhood of many a wife, and the orphanage and misery of many an innocent child. From time immemorial they have fought their battles. Fair or market, wedding or funeral, race-meeting or hurling-match, have seen them find some opportunity for the deadly strife. Men who grew gray in the cause of one party or other—fierce youths who became fathers of fierce sons—handed down their enmity to succeeding generations, and the years rolled into a century of progress to find many a stalwart peasant of Tipperary far behind it in the mire of hate, dissension, and folly, in which his ancestors were plunged by cruel laws. In the light of the red summer sun of this year, now near at its end, there stood in the dock of the county court of Tipperary men—strong, hardy, brave men—charged with felon offences arising out of those same faction fights. The guilt was proven clearly against them—violent assaults, terrible maiming, and in one instance death had been inflicted by their hands. In those cases the law was ready, and bared its arm to punish with unflinching zeal. A sentence of penal servitude tore those men from their home, from society, and from all that makes life dear; and now, in the dreary convict prison, side by side with the robber, the forger, and the criminal branded with every stain of guilt, because he has plunged in all, those deluded men serve out the weary terms of their imprisonment. The Archbishop of Cashel, in the pastoral referred to above, says:—"Neither shall I ever forget another scene which I once witnessed in a churchyard when assisting at a funeral. Among the bones and skulls turned up from out of the newly-opened grave, and lying scattered about here and there, one skull was recognised as a female parent as that of her brother who had been killed years before by some persons of an opposite faction. 'It is his skull,' she cried out frantically, as she grasped it in her hand and kissed it; 'it is my brother's skull; I know it by that mark.' Oh! there is where he got the

blow.' And true it was for her. It was her brother's skull, and there upon it, visible to every eye, was the fearful nail made in that skull some dozen years before by the hand of faction. O, hell-born spirit of faction! how many a precious life have you not sacrificed! alas! how many a precious soul have you not sent down to hell of those so cut off in the midst of their sins by an untimely death—of these as well who have cut them off from the land of the living, killing them both body and soul? How long, O ye infatuated people, will you continue these factions, of which one is at a loss to know whether the criminality or the folly is the greater? How long will you continue to make yourselves the scorn and the scorn of the world, to cover your religion with disgrace, to bring down the curse of the living God upon your guilty heads?"

SCOTLAND.

THE NEW GAME ACT IN SCOTLAND.—A few days ago, Adam Dryden, shepherd at Caverton Mill, was charged before the magistrates at Kelso with trespassing in pursuit of game on Saturday, the 18th day of October last, on Kule Water banks. Accused, who said he had never poached for game in his life, stated that he had found a trap lying on the ground, and admitted that he set it in passing to see his sheep. He also admitted that he went next morning to see if there was any thing in it, when he found a rabbit. He now knew for the first time that rabbits were game, and denied that he had gone upon the ground in pursuit of game, having been upon it for the purpose of seeing his sheep. This statement was accepted as a plea of guilty, and the accused was sentenced to pay a fine of £1, with £2 3s. expenses, or suffer one month's imprisonment.

THE SANDYFORD MURDER.—On the morning of Friday week the Governor of the Glasgow Prison received the following communication regarding Mrs. McLachlan:—"Crown Office, Edinburgh, Nov. 6, 1862. Sir,—I beg to inform you that I have received Her Majesty's conditional pardon in favour of Jesse McLachlan or McLachlan, who was, at Circuit Court of Justiciary, held at Glasgow in September, 1862, convicted of murder and sentenced to death for the same, pardoning the said Jesse McLachlan or McLachlan of the said crime and sentence passed upon her for the same, upon condition of her being kept in penal servitude for the term of her natural life. I have therefore to request that you intimate such conditional pardon to the said Jesse McLachlan or McLachlan, and acknowledge receipt of this letter.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant, (Signed) And. Murray, Crown Agent." Upon receiving the above communication, the Governor at once proceeded to the convict's cell, where, in presence of Bailies Gray and Brown and Mr. A. Young, Clerk to the Prison Board, he read to her her final sentence. The convict received the intelligence with great composure, but seemed somewhat disappointed at the decision. The latter part of the letter was read to her twice before she seemed properly to comprehend its full meaning. The only remark she made was, "Then am I to be kept in jail a' my days?" The convict will probably be removed to Perth Penitentiary in the course of a few days, that being the prison assigned for all Scotch convicts sentenced to penal servitude for life.

INAUGURATION OF THE REST OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—On Monday the ceremony of inaugurating the marble bust of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, executed by Mr. John Steel, took place in the hall of the High School, Edinburgh, in presence of a large and distinguished assembly. The bust has been presented to the High School by a number of its former alumni, who desire to commemorate the Prince of Wales's visit to Edinburgh in the summer of 1859, and especially the presentation by his Highness of the Carson medal to the successful competitor at the High School that year. The Lord Provost presided, and the bust was presented to the trustees of the school, in name of the subscribers, by the Lord Advocate. The presentation was duly acknowledged by the chief magistrate of the city and by Dr. Schmitts, Rector of the High School.

THE PROVINCES.

THE LATE CEMETERY RIOTS AT SHEFFIELD.—Isaac Howard, the sexton of St. Philip's burial-ground at Sheffield, has recovered £200 and costs against the hundred of Strathfold and Tickhill as compensation for the destruction of his house and furniture by fire on occasion of the riots in June last, caused by the discovery that desecration of the dead had taken place in the St. Philip's burial-ground. The Rev. J. Levesey, the incumbent, has claimed compensation for the damage done to the church, vestry, and cottage at the burial-ground, but the liability of the hundred is disputed.

RIOT AT BLACKBURN.—A game-law riot occurred last week at Blackburn. A fight had occurred between some poachers and the gamekeepers on Colonel Bowdon's estate in the neighbourhood of the town. Some of the poachers were savagely assailed, but eight of the poachers were captured, and four of them were sent to goal. During the examination the court was crowded with listeners, who received the sentence with hisses and hooting. The keepers who had given evidence were attacked and had to find shelter. The mob, consisting for the most part of mere lads, whom the present distress allows to wander idle about the town, then commenced smashing the windows of the Townhall, whence they proceeded to break the windows and destroy the property of the residents in the principal streets. Some of them proceeded to Colonel Bowdon's residence and did much damage to his house and grounds. The military were sent for from Preston to quell the riot. It is unfortunate that all this occurred while the Mayor of the town was absent pleading the cause of these rioters among others at Oxford.

THE FENS.—The works which are being carried out under the direction of Mr. Page, civil engineer, in connection with the outfall of the Marshland Smeeth and Fen Drain are making satisfactory progress. The sea dam which Mr. Page is constructing is of a very simple character. Two rows of piles are being driven at intervals of about 12ft. and at about 6in. or 8in. From these, on the inner side, another row of railway-metal piles are being driven, about 2ft. apart. Between the wood and iron piles 4in. planking is being dropped, and on the outside of the dam large quantities of clunch and gravel are being deposited, while the inner portion of the dam is being filled in with loose earth, &c., in sacks. The syphons at the Middle-level Outfall dam were again worked successfully in the course of last week. Eleven have been already fixed, and the remaining five will be ready for action by the end of the month. The cost of the whole will be between £13,000 and £14,000. It appears from a report delivered by Mr. Hawkshaw, C.E., and Mr. Harrison, C.E. (of the North-Eastern Railway), that the works on hand and necessary to be executed for the security of the district will involve a cost of £62,500. The full borrowing powers possessed by the commissioners are to be exercised, but even then there will be an estimated deficiency of £20,000 if the works recommended are proceeded with forthwith. As, however, it is not at present known whether an outfall sluice or other works, in addition to the syphons, will be required, it is not considered necessary to apply to Parliament next Session for additional taxing or borrowing powers. It is suggested by the engineers that some of the works contemplated by them can be postponed, and with the floating balances from time to time in the treasurer's hands, and with occasional temporary loans, the commission will, it is expected, be able to carry on the affairs of the Level during the current year. The bonded debt due at present by the commission to the Law Life Assurance Society is £400,000, bearing interest at the rate of 4 per cent per annum, and it has now been resolved to take up fresh loans for an amount not exceeding £52,000, as was intimated in the *Times* a week since would be the case. Of this amount, which is to be repaid at 4½ per cent per annum, Mr. E. Fellowes, M.P., has advanced £20,000; Mr. W. Bridges, £5000; Mr. Potts Brown, £1000; Mr. W. Stauffer, £2000; Mr. Tebbutt, £1000; Mr. G. Beavan, £2000; and Mr. W. Peppercorn, £1000. The Middle-level contains, it appears, altogether 113,125 acres.

POISONING.—Another charge of poisoning has arisen in the small hamlet of Ludwell, Wiltshire. A woman named Riddle, the wife of a village blacksmith, became ill and was attended by Mrs. Trowbridge, the schoolmistress of the place. The medicine administered appeared rather to irritate than to soothe her, and the doctor threw out a suspicion of poison, which the patient's husband, however, repudiated, as he had every confidence in Mrs. Trowbridge. The woman died last month, and the doctor was so dissatisfied that he made a private examination of the body, which confirmed his suspicion. The body has since been disinterred, and Dr. Herapath, of Bristol, has been called in to the case.

ASCLEPIA COTTON.—Several samples of this cotton have just been received in Liverpool by steamer from Quebec, and present all the appearance of the finest and softest silk. A letter from a gentleman who has paid much attention to the cultivation of the *Asclepias* plant contains the following extract:—"Sooner or later the *Asclepias* is certain to become extensively used by manufacturers, whatever be the price of cotton. I am certain, too, that it can be supplied from this country in any quantities, at 4d. per lb., perhaps 3d., perhaps 2d. Farmers tell me that they could raise a half a ton per acre of it from their poorest land. I am sure that it will mix admirably with wool or silk, and much improve the wool in appearance. In fact, it will put a new face upon many textiles. A good cargo of it might have been secured from the wild stock if the market had been open for it, whereas now it is being rapidly gathered in all over the country for household purposes. Let us hear of their being a demand for it, and a large amount of land will be laid out and sown this fall. The stalk of the *Asclepias* yields a very valuable fibre, and will astonish the good folks at home for whiteness, fineness, and strength."

THE LATE COUNT CAUVOUR AND LORD CLARENDON.—It will be remembered that during the last Session of Parliament Lord Clarendon's attention was directed to a letter of Count Cavour in which the Count informed M. Rattazzi that his Lordship had given him to understand that in the event of a war with Austria England would support Piedmont with her Navy, and that Lord Clarendon denied the accuracy of the statement. In reply to that denial Count Cavour de Cavour, who has just returned from his travels in Africa, has published a letter, in which he states that he was secretary to his uncle at the Congress of Paris and during his journey to London, and he says that the impression on Count Cavour's mind was exactly what was stated in his letter to M. Rattazzi, and he thinks that, contrary to the opinion of Lord Clarendon, if the Count were alive he would maintain the accuracy of that impression.



SPANISH SKETCHES: A VENDER OF CARNATIONS AT SEVILLE.

A STREET IN SEVILLE.

If Spain is not far from being the most picturesque country in Europe, surely Seville is the most picturesque city in Spain. Standing in the beautiful plain of the Guadalquivir (the Arabic Wada El-Hebri, or Great River), Seville is so ancient that, although its founda-

tion by Hercules may be fabulous, it is probably of Punic origin. After being for some time the residence of the successors of Alaric, Seville admitted the Arabs in 712, and became the seat of Government until the Court was removed to Cordova. It continued, however, to be the second city in the Mohammedan Spanish empire until, in the middle of the eleventh century, the revolution in Cordova

caused Seville to become the capital of a separate kingdom. The shape of the city is almost circular, its circuit making about six miles. The walls, which are partly of Moorish and partly of Roman construction, are flanked by numerous towers, and contain fifteen gates. Everywhere in Seville there are to be found evidences of the Moorish rulers, whether the visitor wanders through the eight suburbs



THE APPLE HARVEST IN ROMANIA.

of San Bernardo, San Benito, San Roque, Macarena, Los Humeros, La Cesteria, Populo, and Triana, or lingers in the crooked streets, narrow and ill paved, in the older part of the city itself. It is in the squares and while passing some of the principal houses, however, that the traveller is struck by the picturesque arrangement and the breadth and harmony of colour which distinguish Seville from most other cities. The houses are generally built with a large paved court ornamented with fountains, shrubs, and flowers, and surrounded by columns which support galleries or upper rooms. In the summer an awning, frequently of gaily-coloured canvas, is spread over this court, and the family is at once furnished with a cool and pleasant retreat from the stifling streets. The love of the Spanish women for flowers is the means of adding not only to the decoration of their houses but to that of their dress, and one of the commonest itinerant dealers in Seville is the seller of carnations, who finds his customers in the public square, whither he resorts, himself a picturesque object, with his mule laden with the flowers whose hues contrast so admirably with the jetty braids of his fair customers. Of ancient public buildings Seville can boast several; the most remarkable are the Giralda, a high square tower of Arabian architecture, originally part of an ancient mosque, but now serving as a belfry to the cathedral. This tower was built (according to the Arabian historians) by Jabir or Geber, in 1160, and was then only 250ft. in height, a hundred feet having been added to it by Fernando Ruir in 1568. The top of it was occupied by a figure representing Faith, which was made of gilt bronze, weighing 3500lb., and turned on a pivot, so as to act in the capacity of a weathercock, and thus giving the tower its name of Giralda. This tower and the court of orange-trees (Patio de los Naranjos) are all that remain of the great Moorish mosque, whose magnificence once equalled that of Cordova.

On the site of the ancient mosque the cathedral was founded in 1101, but the building was not completed until 1519. Its architecture presents a singular mixture of Arabian, Gothic, and Greco-Roman architecture, but is at the same time of imposing magnificence, especially its rich Gothic interior. This cathedral, which is the largest in Spain, is 420 Spanish feet in length and 291 in breadth. The aisles are separated by four rows of enormous clustered columns, eight in each row, while the roof of the central nave and transept is 134 feet from the pavement. The organ contains 5300 pipes and 110 stops, and the high altar is ornamented with a rich profusion of statues, marbles, paintings, and gilding. Behind the high altar the large gloomy chapel, the "Capilla Real," contains the tomb of Ferdinand III., who took the city from the Moors. All the chapels, about twenty-six in number, contain treasures of art both in painting and carved work.

Of course, the next important edifice to the cathedral is the Alcazar, or ancient Moorish palace, which, in spite of its frequent modernizations, retains much of its original character. The principal hall (Sala de los Embajadores) is almost as fine, though not of such delicate workmanship, as that of the Alhambra. Another remarkable building is La Torre del Oro, so called, it is said, because the gold ships deposited their valuable cargoes there at the time of the discovery of America.

La Longa, or the Exchange, erected by Philip II. in 1532—the Casa de Pilatos, or palace of the Dukes of Alcázar—the famous aqueduct—the convent of La Merced, founded in 1249, remarkable both for its wonderful architecture and its enormous size—the hospital of La Sangre, with accommodation for 300 patients, and that of La Caridad, are amongst the other important buildings which, with the great Biblioteca Colombiana, or Columbian Library (founded by the son of Columbus, who bequeathed to it 20,000 volumes), a great number of parish churches, convents, schools, and the lovely public promenades of El Paseo de Christina and Las Delicias, form the principal features of this city—one of the most ancient and beautiful in the world.

THE FRENCH APPLE HARVEST.

THE hardy and delicious fruit which thrives in those cold climates where grape and olive fail, has never lost its place amongst our more expensive and luxurious importations. In England the apple has held its own, not only for its high qualifications as a table fruit, but in consequence of the cider which it yields in those counties where the harvest is largest. In Normandy, which grows no wine, and where cider is the popular beverage, the apples are of a fine sort, which we have not failed to add to our own stocks, while the yield is amazing in its abundance.

The original apple is the harsh crab of the hedges; but at what early period the fruit first acquired its richer flavour and beautiful variety there are no means of ascertaining; the latter qualification—its great variety—being especially useful in the manufacture of the beverage which the Germans well call *appel-wein*.

The French cider is for the most part rougher and more acid than our own; indeed, some of our Devonshire cider is exquisitely soft and full of body, yet good judges of the liquor frequently prefer the harder beverage. The different varieties of the apple ripen at different seasons of the year, the earliest beginning to fall from the trees in September. The usual method of picking the fruit is either by striking the trees with poles and then gathering the fallen apples, but it is considered better to send boys into the trees gently to shake the branches. The fallen apples are next collected into heaps, each sort by itself, and allowed to remain till they become sufficiently mellow for the mill. This mill is a great circular stone trough, round which a heavy stone wheel is drawn by one or two horses. The fruit is ground until even rind and core are reduced to a smooth pulp; horsehair cloths, or layers of unthrashed straw, are then spread beneath a press, and some of the mash poured upon them, ten or twelve layers being piled one upon another, and surmounted by a timber frame. The press squeezes out a thickish brown juice, which is received by a channel into a large, flat tub, and thence racked into casks. These casks are placed where there is a free current of air, and in three or four days fermentation takes place, the thick portion of the liquid sinking to the bottom, and leaving the rest bright and clear. The entire difficulty in making cider is the perfect fermentation, and it has often to be watched, in order to prevent its being entirely spoiled during this process. In Normandy, where apple-orchards stand amidst the cornfields and the oak forests, through which the white chalk roads are seen to pierce in a straight line, cider of all qualities is the universal drink, and "maintains its place, whether sparkling among porcelain and crystal, or standing flat and dull among pewter jugs and delf-ware." "I noticed it," says Mr. Musgrave, in his "Rambles through Normandy," "in large magnum decanters at the Hôtel d'Angleterre in Caen, where it was included in the charge for dinner at the table-d'hôte, and vin ordinaire was paid for as an expensive extra."

In the same interesting volume the author gives a description of the great cider-vat at the Hôpital du Bon Sauveur, also at Caen. "On my arrival," he says, "the vast resort was dry. The robinet, or tap, had been removed from the extremity where it opened into the hall of entrance, or vestibule, together with the ponderous mass of iron panel and its ten huge rivets, in which the said tap was inserted. The orifice thus left was large enough to enable me to creep through, which, after taking off my coat and giving it into the hands of my conductress and a servant who had come to draw the cider from the second reservoir, I immediately did, to the great astonishment and delight of the two beholders. I thought of Belzoni in the Pyramids. I found myself in an apartment 32ft. long, 18ft. wide, and 18ft. in height, paved with granite, and exhibiting all the strength and solidity of a casemate rather than of a tank for liquor. Each of the two mighty reservoirs contains 190,000 French litres, which amount to somewhat more than 878 hog-heads; and a dozen youth might be taught to swim in this 'Peerless Pool' of apple-juice!"

The whole of this beverage is made on the premises, in a press of great power, from the tanks of which it is pumped into narrow wooden conduits or shoots leading into the reservoir. The granite walls of the reservoir are a yard in thickness and surmounted by a coved roof. They supply to the establishment of 1250 persons above a pint-and-a-half daily throughout the year, and reserve more than ninety-six pipes in store.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

THE PROCESSION.

THE fact that Monday was the day on which the majority of the Prince of Wales was publicly celebrated greatly contributed to enhance the festive character of the Lord Mayor's inauguration. The Stock Exchange loyally kept a complete holiday, and at most of the Government establishments there was a suspension of the ordinary course of business. In London, as well as at all the principal ports and large towns of the kingdom, the shipping and public edifices entered into the spirit of the day; and the ringing of bells and Royal salutes reminded all that the Heir to the Crown had attained the period of manhood. It must be acknowledged, therefore, that the Lord Mayor, although his elevation to the civic bench is decidedly popular, had on this occasion to encounter a divided sort of allegiance even in his own special domain.

Sunday held out but a gloomy prospect for the outdoor spectacle. More than twelve hours' almost incessant rain foreboded ill for the state of the streets along which the civic procession was to pass. The night was fine, and early on Monday morning the air was comparatively dry, and such as to justify sanguine expectations; but shortly after eleven the sky became overclouded, and rain began to fall. The traditional November day in London—dark, misty, gloomy, and very dirty—seemed about to be realised, and the procession was formed amid those moistening influences which give such a doleful aspect to the most brilliant of standard-bearers and the most gorgeous of civic equipages. Two or three loud claps of thunder startled the lieges, who scarcely knew what phenomena they might not expect after such sounds on the 10th of November; but happily after the storm the sun began to shine, and before noon the anxieties of the Butchers' Company and the standard-bearers of the Tallow Chandlers were allayed.

The appearance of the chief City thoroughfares was fully as animated as usual, the "boisterous" classes being decidedly in the ascendant. For an hour or two before the arrival of the procession Fleet-street and the locality of its boundary on the side of Ludgate-hill were occupied by crowds of persons, ostensibly waiting for the view but really bent on practical jokes, which they imagined were in harmony with the character of the day. For about half an hour a number of "roughs" about the middle of Fleet-street indulged in the amusement of throwing about all sorts of missiles—boys' caps, the remains of bandboxes, pieces of rope, and, as appeared in the distance, a dead cat! This "sport" was still in full vigour when, about one o'clock, it was stopped by the appearance of the heraldic mounted police, followed by the long line of the mayoral procession. Of the latter the two most remarkable features were, perhaps, the display of volunteers, in honour of the military character of the Lord Mayor, as Major of the leading City regiment, and the men in armour. The latter were in unusual strength and show. Rumour had previously announced that the Tower was to lend some of its rarest treasures; and, in point of fact, upwards of twenty knights with their "esquires" armed cap à pie, quite revived the days of chivalry, looking, when not scrutinised too narrowly, all that imagination had pictured of their ancient prototypes, in whose metallid well-polished habiliments they were presented to public view. The attendance of the members of the Corporation included the late Lord Mayor. The new Lord Mayor, a very much younger man, met with a good reception, and passed towards Westminster amid the merry sound of bells and booming of cannon.

The London Rifle Brigade met the procession on its return to Temple-bar, and preceded the Lord Mayor to Guildhall, where they formed a guard of honour in Guildhall-yard and King-street, to receive his Lordship on his return from Westminster.

The procession, on its return, was joined by the Ambassadors, her Majesty's Ministers of State, the nobility, Judges, members of Parliament, and other persons of distinction, invited to the banquet at Guildhall.

THE BANQUET.

The customary inaugural banquet was given by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, in Guildhall, in the evening. The ancient hall and the contiguous apartments were splendidly decorated for the occasion, under the direction of Mr. J. B. Eanning, the City architect. At the western end of the lobby entrance was a graceful statue of Europe, by Durham, and the walls of the corridor and vestibule were tastefully hung with trophies of antique armour, flags, and flowering shrubs. The ornamentation of the hall itself bore especial reference to the auspicious event of that day—the coming of age of the Prince of Wales. In the centre of the eastern window, and immediately above the chief table, stood a fine statue of her Majesty, also by Durham, surmounted by a Prince of Wales's plume, of gigantic dimensions and exquisite workmanship, entirely composed of spun glass. On the right of the statue was a pleasing full-length portrait of the Heir Apparent on horseback, and on the left a companion portrait of his Royal Highness's betrothed, Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Each compartment of the screen lining the lower part of the hall also contained an allegorical figure of the Principality, with a Welsh harp in one hand, and having a portrait of some former Prince of Wales on each side, the series of likenesses embracing every Prince of Wales in the long and illustrious line, beginning with the infant son of Edward I. and closing with the present holder of the exalted title. In the western window was a large picture of the presentation of the first Prince of Wales by the Warrior King to his newly-conquered Welsh subjects at Carnarvon, A.D. 1284; and immediately above shone Copeland's resplendent cut-glass star. The flags of all nations, grouped in rich profusion along the entire length of the cornices, extending from end to end of the spacious hall, enhanced the splendour of the *tout ensemble*. Huge transparent gaseliers depended from the lofty ceiling, and the dazzling magnificence of the scene was further heightened by countless gas jets, tracing the architectural details of the building in luminous outline.

Passing to the minor apartments, which were elegantly fitted up as ante-rooms and reception-rooms, the loggia of the Exchequer Court contained the beautiful statue of "The Reading Girl," by Pietro Magni, which excited so much admiration at the late International Exhibition. In the Alderman's Court-room was displayed a beautiful scenic representation, by Mr. F. Fenton, of the Grotto of Antiparos, in the Grecian Archipelago, visited by the Prince of Wales in June last; and in this and the adjoining apartments there was also a collection of allegorical and classical sculpture, together with busts of the Queen, the late Prince Consort, the Heir Apparent, Lord Palmerston, Lord Elgin, the late Lord Canning, and many other eminent persons. The courtyard on the western side was converted into a saloon in the Gothic style of architecture, and adorned with mirrors, rare exotics, sculpture, and an effective painting, from a sketch by Roberts, of the Ruins of Philæ, with the encampment of the Prince of Wales and his suite there during their recent tour in the East.

The company began to arrive at five o'clock, and from that hour to a quarter to seven there was a continuous influx of guests, the more distinguished of whom, on crossing the hall for the reception-room, were greeted with cheers. As his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge entered, the whole assemblage rose and the band played the National Anthem. The appearance of Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and Lord Brougham was also hailed with loud plaudits.

When the whole of the company, nearly 1000 in number, had taken their places the coup-d'œil was singularly brilliant and imposing.

After dinner, the usual routine toasts were given by the Lord Mayor. In reply to the toast of "The Army, Navy, and Volunteers," the Duke of Cambridge, after referring to the efficient state of the military departments of the public service, alluding to the majority of the Prince of Wales, said:—

His Lordship has referred to the special circumstances which mark this day. We are met here, no doubt, to do honour to the Lord Mayor, on his election to the important post which I am sure he will worthily fill; but it is also a gratifying coincidence that this is the twenty-first anniversary of the birthday of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—an event which must be of immense interest to the nation at large. How much may hereafter depend upon the character of that young and illustrious Prince! To believe that his education and general disposition are such as justify us in firmly hoping that he will be an ornament to this great empire, and that the country will have reason to be proud of that career which yet lies before him. In the midst of our festivity on the attainment of his majority one circumstance

cannot be overlooked. The Prince of Wales is not now in this country; and why is he absent? The reason is the sad and painful bereavement which the Queen and the country have sustained during the past year. But for that melancholy event the illustrious young Prince would have been among us. But Providence willed it otherwise, and our feelings of hilarity must be mingled with regret that he is not here to share our rejoicings.

Lord Palmerston, in replying to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers," said:—

There is one circumstance not devoid of interest connected with these anniversary days, and it is more peculiarly called to mind by what fell from the Lord Mayor this evening; for it is a remarkable fact—I trust it is also an auspicious omen—that the day on which the municipal Corporation of this vast city inaugurates the reign of one of whom my Lord Mayor will allow me to designate their Sovereign for the year is the day on which our country has been blessed by the birth of a Prince who one day will be our King. It may be long distant!—will, we trust, be the Sovereign of this country, and who, by the qualities with which nature and Providence have endowed him, is destined, I hope, to be a source of happiness to the nation over which he may be called to rule. My Lord Mayor has adverted to a topic which touches the deepest feelings of sorrow on the part of every man and woman in the country—I mean that distress which unfortunately pervades a portion of our manufacturing districts. It may be hoped that the cause of that distress may not be long continued; although it must be owned that there is not at present any immediate prospect that more humane feelings and kinder sentiments are likely to prevail between the contending parties on the American continent. But we may trust that India will furnish us, to a certain extent, with that raw material which is essential to the industry of our manufacturing population. And if those products which India may transmit to us shall be judiciously used in this country, and we be not tempted by the wants of other countries to send that cotton away as fast as it arrives, I trust that that part of our own empire may find the means of supplying in some measure the necessities which the civil war in America has created.

The Lord Mayor having proposed "The health of Lord Brougham," that venerable nobleman responded at some length, and, after eulogising the conduct of the working classes in the manufacturing districts under the trying circumstances in which they are now placed, remarked:—

And now I will just say a word about the other side of the Atlantic. That cruel and unnatural civil war which is afflicting us so many miles off is one of the most lamentable events of our day. I do not pretend to know more than my noble friend at the head of the Government, who has admitted that he cannot predict any speedy termination of this conflict. England and France have looked with perfect feelings of kindness and friendliness upon both the contending parties, for which reason, perhaps, they have not much liked by either. But, if there be little chance of any effectual mediation given, or of any intervention of another description being come to by the Powers of Europe, at least let them listen to their own advocates in this country—we who supported them had a century ago when we were the said word in their favour—we who were charged with being the advocates of solutions if not reasonable advocates of America as against our own country in the disputes then existing; let them listen to our advice, to our strong and earnest entreaty, that they would as speedily as possible put an end to this cruel and unnatural war. And I will tell them that, besides the ordinary evils of war, besides the waste of blood and treasure, the suffering of every kind, the anxiety and misery involved upon the whole country, and which they ought by all means speedily to terminate, there is another risk which they run, and which they run more and more every month that this contest is continuing—I mean the increased number of armed men habituated to bloodshed, rapine, and every sort of violence, and in whom those habits are being bred their record and savage nature. Then we shall see the whole of America consist of armed men, brought up in war and in the habits which war engenders. There is nothing worse than the tyranny of a mob. Yes; there is one thing still worse, and that is the tyranny of an armed mob. That would be the worst kind of yoke under which men could live, and the worst foe to civil liberty. I trust, for their own sake, for humanity's sake, I trust they will escape this at once so deplorable and so degrading.

LORD MAYORS' SHOWS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE yearly inauguration of the Lord Mayor was kept with infinite splendour, the various companies vying with each other, and that to which the new civic king belonged asserting its precedence by the most lavish outlay. The originally simple procession of minstrels and banders on horseback gave place to far more elaborate displays. For a time water spectacles, chiefly in the nature of sham fights, grew vastly popular. In 1563, on the Mayor-day of Sir William Draper, a pageant was arranged by one J. Tailor, which had no scenic representations, but had "a foist, or barge, with ten pair of oars and masts," but whether they had sails or flags does not appear. "The Queen's arms flowed from the maintop, and a red cross from the foretop; long pendants were added to these, and two ancients displayed on the poop (poop) or baste." This vessel "had a master and a gunner, with equips sufficient for the time, well painted and trimmed, with twenty payees and two half-bands of gunpowder on board." A little later, on the same occasion, in the *gracers' pageant* "there was a large ship, rigged and named, with Galatea at its bows, a sea nymph, drawn on a sea chariot by dolphins, accompanied by syrens, tritons, sea lions, which sailed the Lord Mayor on the river, near the Temple." In 1568, Sir Thomas Rue, a Merchant Taylor, being elected, the company voted him £10 for his expenses. The wardens were charged to see the tables at Guildhall properly arranged for the feast, and "sixteen" of the Bachelors' Company were ordered to carry up the service to the table. The pageant embodied an allegorical representation of the patron saint, John the Baptist. He was attended by four boys, whose duty it was to deliver complimentary speeches. St. John's speech began thus—"I am that voice in wilderness which once the Jews did call." Sir Thomas Middleton, Grocer and Mayor, 1613, was among the first who attempted a scenic representation. He gave a water spectacle, with five islands, artfully garnished with all manner of Indian fruit, fruit-trees, drugs, spices, and the like. The centre island was embellished with "a faire castle, especially beautified," probably in allusion to the East India Company, then newly established. From this period to 1708 the Lord Mayor's show derived its chief magnificence from the great livery companies, and assumed quite a dramatic tone. Poets were hired to compose set pieces. They received the aid of the painter, mechanist, and dressmaker, and were exhibited on movable stages. The lions of the show were always furnished by the company of the Mayor elect. The music consisted of the King's trumpeters and the City waits. On the water it was chiefly "drummes and flifies." "The almsmen, in gowns, coats, and caps, bore the banners and streamers, accompanied by their own beards and the beards of the four hospitals, who wore long capes and ribbons; whiffers, in velvet coats and gold chains, marched, bearing white staves; marshalsmen, javelinmen, anyneyent beards, trislers with long swords." The Bachelors and Livermen, new and old Lord Mayors, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and visitors of rank composed the cavalcade. The water pageant was very attractive. To increase the effect of the show small guns, called "peaks" or "chambers," kept firing salutes from the shore.

KING OTTO WARNED.—A story is told of King Otto having received a full warning of what was to happen to him, and that he disregarded it with true Co-salike disdain. On the eve of his leaving Athens for the tour which preceded his downfall the President of the Council, M. Colocotroni, brought him a letter (as is said) in which the whole plan of the insurrection was betrayed. The Minister beseeched the King to give up his journey and to take measures against the conspirators; but his Majesty thought the fears of his adviser chimerical and started for his projected trip. What followed is now history.

THE OPENING OF NEW LAMBETH BRIDGE.—This new bridge was opened for public traffic at three o'clock on Monday afternoon. Long before the hour appointed great crowds of people had assembled, both on the Lambeth and Millbank sides, awaiting with much interest and curiosity the formal opening, which it was understood would be made by Mr. Hoopes, the distiller of Church-street, Lambeth, crossing to the Middlesex side in his new and powerful fire-engine. Precisely at three o'clock the engine, on which was Mr. Hoopes and several of the bridge directors, with its full complement of firemen in new uniforms, came out of the distillery yard, and at a swift but steady pace crossed the bridge, amidst the cheering of the spectators. Having reached the Middlesex side, Mr. Hoopes declared the bridge open, and immediately there was an immense rush of people on to the bridge from both ends, and several cabs and light carts rattled across it. The vibration consequent upon the traffic is not anything like so great as was expected, and much less than that experienced on the Hungerford-bridge when it was first opened. The carriage-way is intended only to accommodate light traffic, and no heavily-laden wagons will be allowed upon it. It is formed of square blocks of wood laid down upon a granite, and the interstices filled up with the same material, and is about twenty feet wide. The footways are paved with flagstones, and are about five feet wide. There is an entire absence of ornament about the bridge. A small toll is to be levied upon those using the bridge.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE.

As might have been anticipated from the unfavourable accounts received from Switzerland for some time past, the illness of the Marquis of Breadalbane has terminated in death. For the last eight days preceding his death, which occurred on Saturday afternoon, at Lausanne, all hopes were abandoned of his ultimate recovery.

The late Right Hon. John Campbell, Marquis of Breadalbane, Earl of Orkney, and Baron Breadalbane, of Taymouth Castle, in the county of Perth, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, also Earl of Breadalbane and Holland, Viscount of Tay and Palnaldale, Lord Glenorchy, Bederbuck, Ormelie and Weik, in the Scotch Peerage, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, was the only son of Lieutenant-General John, first Marquis of Breadalbane, by Mary Turner, eldest daughter and coheir of the late Mr. David Gavin, of Langton, by Lady Elizabeth Maitland. He was born Oct. 24, 1796, and married, Nov. 25, 1821, Ediza, eldest daughter of the late George Bullock, of Jarviswood, and sister of the Earl of Haddington, who died in the autumn of the past year. For a short period, as Lord Glenorchy, represented Perthshire in the House of Commons, being elected at the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. On the death of his father, in March, 1834, he succeeded to the title and honours of the family, and took his seat in the House of Lords. During the time he was in the Lower House, and subsequently in the House of Lords, he uniformly supported the Whig Government. In Scotland he was a warm supporter of the Free Church, and was deservedly popular.

From September, 1848, to March, 1852, the late Marquis occupied the high office of Lord Chamberlain of the Queen's Household, and again filled the same office from January, 1853, to February, 1858. He was Lord Lieutenant of Argyllshire and Vice-Admiral of the coast of that county and of the Western Islands; was Colonel of the Argyllshire Militia; Colonel Commandant of the 2d Battalion of Perthshire Volunteers; President of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; a Fellow of the Royal Society, and an official trustee of the British Museum. The English honours, in default of issue, becoming extinct, the Marquis is succeeded in the Scottish Peerage by his kinsman, the representative of the first Earl of Breadalbane's uncle, Mr. Alexander Gavin Campbell, of Glenallich, Perthshire. He was born in 1824.

THE NEW AGRICULTURAL HALL AND THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

THE opening of the new Agricultural Hall at Islington (the future home of our great annual metropolitan Christmas cattle-shows) and the sixtieth anniversary of the Smithfield Club, is appointed to take place this year on Monday, the 8th of December, and four following days. The arrangements for this purpose are now so rapidly approaching towards completion that even the stalls for the cattle and the pens for the sheep and pigs, &c. are in course of erection, and, the space appropriated to the show being three times the amount of that obtained at the Baker-street Bazaar, opportunities will be afforded not only for a great increase in the specimens entered for competition, but also for the accommodation and convenience of the public.

The Agricultural Hall occupies an area of nearly three acres. It has two entrances, the grand one being in Liverpool-road and the minor one facing Islington-green, nearly opposite the newly-erected farmhouse and stables to Sir Hugh Myddleton. The western facade, which is very bold, is in the Midland style of architecture. It has two lofty towers and spacious central and side entrances. The main hall is 36ft. in length by 217ft. in breadth, and the span of the central portion of the glass roof, which is 76ft. in height, is about 125ft. This hall is surrounded by galleries 36ft. in width, approached by five sets of double staircases, each 10ft. wide. There is also a minor hall 100ft. square. One thousand tons of iron are used in its construction, and the roof contains nine miles of iron sash-bar, upwards of one acre of glass, and two acres of slating, whilst the space afforded by the galleries is considerably above an acre. There is, therefore, no lack of light during the day; whilst at night the area will be illuminated by fourteen large central gaseliers of forty-eight lights each, and sixty smaller ones of twenty-four lights each. The ventilation and drainage are two points to which the greatest attention have been paid, the towers referred to being constructed with a view to secure perfection with regard to the former point; and, as respects the latter, the iron pillars which support the central portions of the fabric form draining-tubes from the roof to the basement and the drainage appliances beneath. A reservoir, capable of containing 50,000 gallons of water, has been erected, with which hydrants are connected in various parts of the building, so that, in case of fire or any other requirement, they can be immediately made available. Capacious refreshment-rooms are provided in various parts of the building, where refreshments are to be supplied at a fixed tariff; and, amongst other accommodations, there will be a letterbox, lavatories, &c., for ladies as well as gentlemen, with a room for depositing parcels, coats, and other articles. The architect is Mr. E. Peck, of the firm of Peck and Stephens, of Maidstone. So far as the building itself is concerned, it is in every way adapted for the purpose for which it is intended, and the only doubts which have been raised as to its success as a speculation is the locality in which it is situated. Objections have been raised that the show of the Smithfield Club will not obtain that popularity amongst the upper classes of society which it enjoyed (and that increasingly year after year) during its sojourn at Baker-street, on account of its being so far away from the West-end. In reply to that, the promoters point to the late Metropolitan Dog Show, at which, notwithstanding the then unfinished state of the building, and all the drawbacks attendant upon it, upwards of 60,000 or 70,000 persons visited the exhibition, and on the five-shilling days the carriages of the aristocracy are stated to have crowded the Liverpool-road and blocked up many of the adjacent thoroughfares. Besides the increased accommodation for the public, in other respects the convenience of the avenues, especially for ladies, is far greater than at Baker-street, the central avenue being 23ft. wide, and the others in proportion. With regard to the facilities for the public to reach the show from all parts of London, it is stated that omnibuses going to and from every district of the metropolis and the Agricultural Hall make no less than 1600 journeys daily. It is also understood that arrangements are likely to be made to put on special omnibuses to and from various parts of London and the hall during the shows. In addition to this, the Agricultural Hall is within a mile of the Great Northern terminus at King's-cross, a mile and a half from the North-Western Railway, and within an eighteen-penny cab-fare from any one of the Metropolitan railway termini, except that of the Great Western Railway; and by means of a very excellent map, executed under the direction of Mr. S. Sidney, the secretary of the Agricultural Hall Company, and which will be on the back of all the tickets and documents issued with regard to the show, the route is pointed out for reaching the grand entrance in Liverpool-road, thus avoiding the toll which is still in existence on the road between the Angel and Islington-green.

With regard to the general arrangements for this anniversary of the Smithfield Cattle Show, the club have made very considerable alterations. Instead of the awards by the judges and private view taking place on Monday, as formerly, they will take place on Saturday, the 6th of December, and an experiment is about to be tried of making Monday, the 8th, a five-shilling day and still continuing to give four other days at the ordinary charge of one shilling. The new building has had the effect of stimulating the agriculturists in all parts of the kingdom to take a more active part in the metropolitan competition, and the entries in every department are larger than on any previous occasion. The visitors generally will not be the less pleased to know that their personal comforts have not been lost sight of. The Agricultural Hall committee of management have entered into a contract with the enterprising Grand Stand at Epsom and the Battersea Park Agricultural meeting to supply the refreshments during the ensuing show.

THE SERVIAN GOVERNMENT has addressed to the Porte and to the Great Powers a formal protest against the terms of peace which were imposed upon it by the conference lately held at Constantinople.

Literature.

Lives of the Engineers, with an Account of their Principal Works; comprising also a History of Inland Communication in Britain. By SAMUEL SMILES. With Portraits and numerous Illustrations. 3rd vol. John Murray.

We are going to repeat, with cheerful emphasis, a remark we must, we are sure, have made before, but the repetition is justified by the fact that it is useful to be made, and that it is proper to the present occasion. It is simply this, that the greatest delight in a reviewer's career is to come across a read book—like Mr. Smiles's memoir of the two Stephensons now before us, which seems to be "stuffed with science" from the first line to the last. How good old George—for good he was, as we will show—would open his curious eyes, to see this elaborately got-up book, with its beautiful paper, print, and illustrations—if he only could see it; and how he would respect the patient industry with which Mr. Smiles has gone about collecting the facts for this most interesting biography. The idea of writing a memoir of the man, it appears, as old as 1818; but when Mr. Smiles began his inquiries into the possibilities of the case he found it would be necessary to live near the first scene of Stephenson's life, in order to be able to collect incidents at first hand. He was not immediately in a position to do that, and so, for various reasons, the matter stood over. In the meanwhile an article had appeared in the *Athenium* suggesting that a history of railway enterprise was wanted, and that now or never, while the requisite material was fresh in living memories, was the time to write it. In now combining the sort of historical matter pointed at by the *Athenium* with matter strictly biographical, Mr. Smiles acknowledged judiciously the value of the suggestion made in that journal. The fact should be noted, because it is not often that reviewers do get their suggestions acknowledged when they point the way to new literary undertakings. Nevertheless, we shall try to make one or two spots. There exists at least one "History of Inventions," Beckmann's; but there is no book of memoirs devoted to a very curious and interesting subject, which well deserves a volume from some writer like Mr. Smiles, who has a keen eye for a fact and so much unpretentious energy and activity of intellect. We mean the subject of inventions and discoveries whose precise origin is disputed, especially those in reference to which there are distinct claims put forward by different persons claiming to be their authors. One of the most readable and instructive portions of Mr. Smiles's book is that which relates to the contest which was carried on between those who believed that the safety-lamp was invented by Stephenson and those who believed it was invented by Davy. Dr. Paris, in his "Life" of the latter, appears to have said, with insolence and stupidity pretty equally mingled, "It will hereafter be securely believed that an invention so eminently scientific, and which could never have been derived but from the sterling treasury of science, should have been claimed on behalf of an engineer of the Killingworth, of the name of Stephenson—a person not even possessing a knowledge of the elements of chemistry." The notion that science has a "sterling treasury" in which she keeps inventions to be handed out to properly-introduced parties only, is one of the richest things in the pomposities of literature, which, by-the-by, may, if the reader pleases, pass for another suggestion—a hint of a companion volume to the "Curiosities" of the elder Dr. Paris. However, the engineer has written, "The name of Stephenson" in letters of iron over some few thousands of miles of this particular planet, and has done so much to make it hazardous to say what will "securely be believed," that his shade can well afford to forgive Dr. Paris. As to the safety-lamp, the facts, we think, are these—that Stephenson and Davy hit upon the principle of its construction at about the same time; that the priority of date, if any, was on Stephenson's side; that he was the first to apply the principle to practical purposes; that the points in which his lamp differs from Davy's give it an advantage over Davy's; and, lastly, that the credit of the great chemist need not suffer the slightest diminution in relation to his lamp. Davy received a testimonial of £2000, and Stephenson two separate testimonials, one of a hundred guineas and one of £1000—all being raised by subscription; but we are told that "what gave him even greater pleasure than the silver tankard and purse of sovereigns was the gift of a silver watch, purchased by small subscriptions collected amongst the colliers themselves, and presented to him as a token of their esteem and regard for him as a man, as well as of their gratitude for the perseverance and skill with which he had prosecuted his life-saving invention to a successful issue. To the last day of his life he always spoke of this gift as amongst the most valuable which he had ever received."

There is one part of the great railway romance which has always had a great fascination for ourselves—namely, the drainage of Chat Moss; but perhaps the difficulties encountered in making the first surveys are more amusing to read about. Farmers set men to stand at gates with guns and pitchforks to drive back the poor civilians. A chairman was stabbed in the back by a pitchfork. Guns were fired about, pretty much at random, to scare away the professional men with their attendants. The treedolite was regarded as a portent of the most awful description. Once a regular "bruise" was engaged to carry it, and another "bruise" attacking him, a regular battle ensued, in which the surveyors got stoned and the instrument smashed to pieces!

The anecdote of Stephenson surprising Buckland by explaining that it was the light of the sun "bottled up in the earth" and reappearing as carbon which was the source of the motive power on the railway is repeated in this volume, and it is worth repeating. But we remember seeing it stated recently—and on authority which we did not doubt, with a specific reference attached—that the same thing had been said before. We regret that we cannot, at the moment, recall the reference in question; but perhaps this memorandum may meet the eye of some reader who can turn to it. It would yield an interesting parallel for a footnote in a future edition of Mr. Smiles's book.

It would have been worth a thousand pounds, and we would gladly have paid the money down (if we had had it), to see the interview between Emerson and Stephenson. Part of the fun would, of course, be that, while Emerson perfectly appreciated Stephenson, the latter would hardly be able to make anything out of the former. Accordingly, we are told that, at first, there was not much talk going on between the two celebrities, but that, at last—shades of Sampson and Montaigne!—Stephenson jumped up, seized Emerson by the collar, and gave him a "friendly shake"! This broke the ice, and the Newfoundland and the Greghound talked away like dogs of the same breed.

Most delightful it is to read of the thorough goodness of Stephenson's nature. Strong, tenacious affections, willingness to help the struggling and boldness to rebuke the wrongdoing—these surely go far to make up a lovable picture. We are told that "nearly men who had known him would knock at his door and were never refused access. But if he had heard of any misconduct on their part, he would rate them soundly. One who knew him intimately in private life has seen him exhorting such backsliders with the tears streaming down his cheeks. And he would generally conclude by opening his purse and giving them the help which they needed to make a fresh start in the world." This man of iron seems, indeed, to have been as soft-hearted as a mother with her first baby. Think of a great engineer crying at "Black-eyed Susan," like a housemaid in the gallery, and making a hobby of the most innocent of the rodents—rabbits! It may be pardoned to such a man that he went to sleep at the Opera, and also that he had little Old-World egotisms, and thought it good to put down gold chains and the like, as "fang-dangs," when he had a chance.

We have left ourselves no space in which to speak of Robert Stephenson, and, in truth, we would rather quit our task with a glance at the engraved portrait of his father—a beautiful countenance, which has stopped us when seen in the windows a score of times, and will do so again. We cordially recommend the book.

THE AVERAGE COST OF SENDING AN ADULT EMIGRANT TO AUSTRALIA is £16; to Canada it is only £2.

TWO CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Stories that Little Breeches told; and the Pictures which Charles Bennett drew for them. *Piccolilli: A History.* By GILBERT FARRER. Illustrated by GILBERT FARRER and T. H. MAGDOON. Sampson Low, 25, & Co.

Although, at the period of writing, it is still possible to venture forth without a shudder into the circle of the new, without seeing half too late to be seen, and to make too large for single families, the signs of the times are manifestly wintrified. Tending towards Christmas, the fancies grow milder and more jovial. Javens are on the look out, like hungry lions, for what, esculent and they can devour; and unless fed naturally shy at the disinterested attention of their little nephews and nieces. The season is present-making, in fact, is settling in with its accustomed severity, and Messrs. Sampson Low and Son are amongst the first in the field with attractive wares suitable for the unhappy relationships mentioned. Here are two capital little books, full of ludicrous incidents, charming pictures, and morals of a not too severe order. It might be objected, perhaps, that Mr. Charles Bennett is far too abstract, that his humor is of a larger growth than the diminutive classes for whom it is intended. But that is a fault (if it really be one) on the right side, and thoroughly in accordance with the modern system of training the young idea. And we are bound to admit that the philosophy is somewhat inconsequential. The book begins—"There was once a boy so small that the people round about called him Little Breeches," a reason or a jest which will surely be appreciated either by childhood or by age. Yet Little Breeches tells his adventures pleasantly, and Mr. Bennett's pictures are full of rich humor.

"Piccolilli" also has some capital illustrations, but they are of the serious or landscape kind. The subjects of the different stories always have some excellent intention, inculcated, as we like them to be, by persuasion rather than force. "A Toad going to a Teaparty" has a teaching, and an "Inquisitive Chimney-pot" sets an excellent example. "The Gentle Cat" and "Fairy Land" are very good chapters, and with others, unmentioned, will form a pleasing addition to any juvenile library possessed by good children with liberal relatives.

INTERVENTION IN AMERICA.

THE Paris journal *La Patrie* has for some days affected to be exclusively informed upon a subject on which there is much less mystery than our contemporary would have us believe. *La Patrie* asserts that an attempt at mediation in America has been projected by France and Russia, and has been submitted to England, with a view to the joint action of the three Powers. This journal further states that this proposition, "emanating from France, and immediately accepted by Russia," contemplates an armistice for six months, and the suspension of all operations by sea or by land during this period. Negotiations are, of course, to be in the meantime set on foot to terminate the war. "Yet," says *La Patrie*, "if we are to credit the still somewhat vague reports in circulation, the proposition of France and Russia has not met with a favourable reception at London." The French public is, however, informed that a Cabinet Council was to be held on Tuesday and that at this Council the Palmerston Cabinet would adopt its resolution. Thus it is sought to create an impression throughout Europe and America that France and Russia are most anxious to terminate the civil war in America, and see their way to the accomplishment of that good work, but that England stands aloof, and is about either churlishly to refuse or very reluctantly to afford a sluggish co-operation.

We believe that this project of intervention is not nearly so far advanced as the French press would have the world believe, and that the true state of the case is that France is ardent in the matter, Russia unwilling but not absolutely averse, and England unsanguine, but anxious for a real opportunity. Of course, no one can tell what private information our Government may have received, but we cannot see any public ground for great expectations of immediate results. If the North are ready to give up their blockade, they would undoubtedly rather give it up to France and Russia in conjunction with us than to us alone; but if they are to be forced to give it up, we hope we shall not be one of the party which is to compel them. This French note is matter for serious consideration, but we cannot think that it offers any good ground for sanguine expectation of an immediate return of prosperity to our manufactures, or of the sudden resumption of our old commercial intercourse with the two nations which once formed the United States.—*Times*.

That the French Government, in conjunction with that of Russia, has invited the English Cabinet to join in an offer of mediation to put an end to the dreadful strife now raging in America is admitted by all the semi-official journals of France, and amongst them *La Patrie*. The *Independence Belge* gives a version of the French despatch to our Government, which is generally considered to be correct. It points out that, in the opinion of the Emperor's Government, the moment has arrived to recognise the existence of the Southern States as an independent nation, and that such recognition was a necessary preliminary to European intervention. Moreover, the raising of the blockade of the Southern ports was necessary to relieve the sufferings which its existence causes to all connected with the manufacturing interests, both in England and France. Acting single-handed (the despatch says), a war might arise between France and the Federal States, as to the issue of which, though the former Power was under no apprehensions, yet the Emperor had determined to do nothing without the assent of the great Powers, and therefore confined himself to the action of diplomacy. His Majesty had applied to Russia, as the most intimate relations existed between the Governments of St. Petersburg and Washington, and the Czar had naturally great influence in America, and, if he could be prevailed upon to join in recommending an armistice to the belligerents, the recommendation had a great chance of being adopted at Washington. Russia had assented to the plan, but under the condition that England should co-operate. The South, the despatch shows, has given sufficient proofs of the impossibility of subduing it by force of arms; and, lastly, it points out that the immediate result of the opening of the Southern ports would be the relief of the distress in the cotton districts.—*Standard*.

CURIOUS EPIGRAPH NEAR WARWICK.—While we rested ourselves on a horizontal monument, which was elevated just high enough to be a convenient seat, I observed that one of the gravestones lay very close to the church, so close that the droppings of the crows would fall upon it. It seemed as if the inmates of that grave had desired to creep under the church wall. On close inspection we found an almost illegible epitaph on the stone, and with difficulty made out this forlorn verse:—

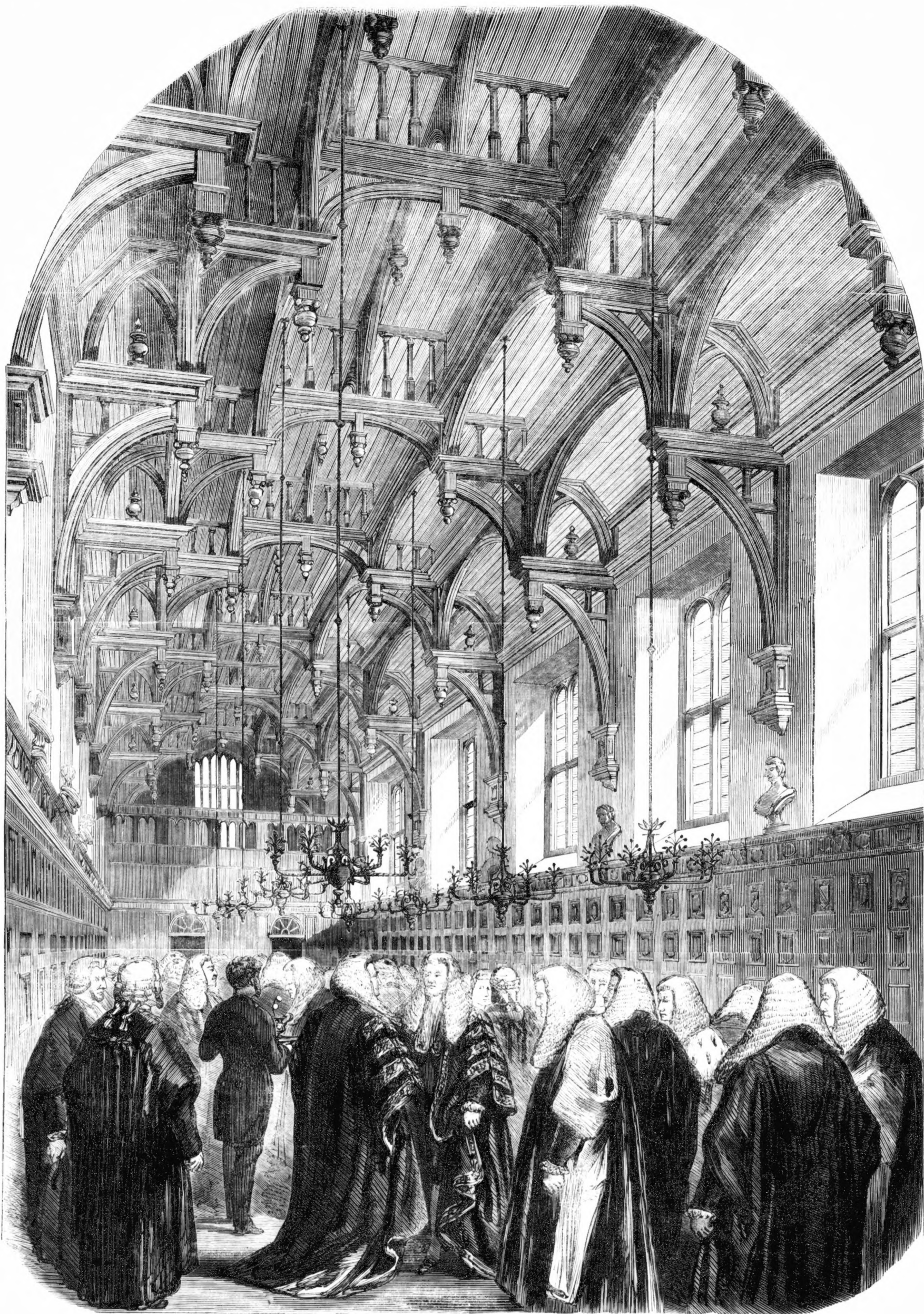
Pearly I was,
And so I died,
Poorly buried,
And no one cried.

It would be hard to compress the story of a cold and luckless life, death, and burial into fewer words or more impressive ones—at least we found them impressive, perhaps because we had to re-create the inscription by scraping away the lichens from the faintly-trad letters. The grave was on the shady and damp side of the church, and towards it, the headstone being within about three feet of the foundation wall; so that, unless the poor man was a dwarf, he must have been doubled up to fit him into his final resting place. No wonder that his epitaph murmured against so poor a burial as this.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

THE OPENING OF MICHAELMAS TERM.

MONDAY, the 3rd inst., being the day on which the law courts fell to be opened for the Michaelmas Term, and the presentation of the Lord Mayor elect having also to take place on that day, the occasion was one of more than ordinary interest. The Lord Chancellor, as usual, held a levee, which was attended by the Judges and the leading members of the Bar; but on this occasion the Lord Chancellor departed from the ordinary practice, and, instead of holding the reception in his private residence, he did so in the hall of the Middle Temple, of which his Lordship is a Benchet. The scene presented on the occasion is portrayed in our Engraving.

The Lord Chancellor arrived at the hall at eleven o'clock, and at half-past the civic procession, which passed through Tudor-street and entered the Temple by the eastern gate at Whitefriars, was announced.



THE LORD CHANCELLOR RECEIVING THE JUDGES AND SERJEANTS IN MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL ON THE FIRST DAY OF MICHAELMAS TERM.

The Recorder arrived first in a private carriage, and was followed by Mr. Under-Sheriff Farrar, Mr. Under-Sheriff Mackrell, Mr. Sheriff Hugh Jones (attended by his Chaplain, the Rev. A. Alston), Mr. Alderman and Sheriff J. Lawrence (attended by his Chaplain, the Rev. T. Madge), Mr. Alderman W. Lawrence, Mr. Alderman Gibbons, Mr. Brand, the Controller, and other civic officials. The last carriage, a perfectly plain one, contained Mr. Alderman Rose, the

Lord Mayor elect, accompanied by the Rev. James Lupton, Rector of Queenhithe. The Recorder having introduced the Lord Mayor elect, the Lord Chancellor, in the name of the Crown, expressed his approval of the choice which the citizens had made. The customary loving cup was then circulated, and the civic party retired at twelve o'clock. Almost immediately afterwards her Majesty's Judges, Queen's counsel, and other distinguished members of the Bar began to arrive,

and, after the usual formalities, breakfast was partaken of, and a procession was then formed, which moved down to Westminster Hall, headed by the High Constable of Westminster and the beaules of the respective parishes through which their Lordships passed. On arriving at Westminster Hall, where a vast number of persons had assembled to witness the ceremony, the Judges took their seats in the respective courts, which were thereby opened for the Term.

procession; but they might as well have tried to stop the advance of the tide. They were far too few in number to be able to cope with that great, heaving crowd. The flow of vehicles gradually lessened, indeed, and ultimately ceased altogether; but then the whole street was seized by the people on foot, and so matters became rather worse than before.

It was otherwise west of Temple Bar. There the metropolitan police mustered in greater force, and, aided by a detachment of the Blues, succeeded at an early hour in clearing a large open space between the Bar and the Church of St. Clement Danes. The authorities of Westminster and Middlesex quietly assembled in the Strand near Temple Bar, where, without bustle or confusion, they were marshalled in processional order, so as to be ready to receive the Princess whenever she emerged from the City. At the head of the line thus formed rode the Deputy-Lieutenants of Middlesex, twenty in number, in their scarlet coats and cocked hats. The parochial authorities of St. Martin-in-the-Fields (the Royal parish, which Buckingham Palace, the birthplace of the Prince of Wales, is situated) followed in a couple of carriages. Next came a carriage occupied by Sir De Lacy Evans, one of the members for Westminster, whose numerous medals and orders were half concealed by the folds of a greatcoat. Sir John Shelley, the other member, rode by the side of his colleague on a spirited charger; he wore a volunteer uniform. A carriage drawn by four iron greys, with postillions in liveries of blue velvet, was occupied by the Rector and churchwardens of St. Clement Danes. Then followed several shabby coaches containing the members of the ancient Court of Burgesses, a rather mysterious body, who appeared in blue robes with black velvet facings, and wearing, suspended by a blue ribbon from their necks, something which each gentleman had taken great care to conceal behind his waistcoat. The Burgesses were succeeded by the High Bailiff, the Deputy High Steward, and the High Constable, with the mace. Last of all, in the only well-appointed carriage, came the Duke of Buccleuch as the Lord High Steward of Westminster; he was accompanied by the Dean. Close to Temple Bar a deputation of the Middlesex magistracy was drawn up on one side of the street, whilst immediately in front of them, occupying the middle of the road, stood a brilliant group of horsemen, consisting of the Marquis of Salisbury (Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex), Lord Enfield, and a number of cavalry officers.

Things were in this position when a dull and prolonged roar ascending Fleet-street, and the fluttering of innumerable hats and handkerchiefs from the windows of the houses at the bend below Fetter-lane, announced the approach of the Royal procession. All eyes were now directed eastwards, and in a few minutes the banners and devices of the various City companies—for, in consequence of the great crowd which filled Fleet-street, nothing else was visible—were observed making a sharp turn to the north and disappearing in Chancery-lane. When the whole had gone out of sight there was a short pause, as if the Royal carriages had been left behind, which, indeed, was the case; but at length a louder and nearer cheer broke upon the ear, and the cavalry escort was seen involved among the surging masses of people like a ship in a storm at sea. A final effort was now made by the City police and a handful of Hussars to form an avenue to Temple Bar, but with no better success than before. The few policemen on the spot were lost in the vast crowd, while their military allies could scarcely find standing-room for their horses. As the cavalcade slowly ploughed its way up Fleet-street, amid the most enthusiastic cheers, the foremost portions of the mob were driven with great violence against Temple Bar, and attempted to force a passage to the comparatively quiet haven beyond. Here, however, a section of metropolitan police met them in hostile array; a desperate struggle ensued, and, although a few contrived to fight their way through the narrow gorge, the main body were unable to make the slightest impression on the obstacles opposed to them. Meanwhile the Royal carriages approached nearer and nearer, advancing an inch at a time, and first one and then another passed slowly into the Strand, each separated by a long interval from the one next to it. Last of all, winding up the procession, came the carriage occupied by the Prince and Princess. It was preceded by a squadron of the Life Guards, and was hemmed in on both sides by a cheering and enthusiastic multitude. The moment it reached Temple Bar the police drew aside, and the next instant it was seen carving along towards St. Clement's Church, in the wake of the Westminster and Middlesex authorities, who by this time had moved off. Now came the tug of war. In order to protect the rear of the procession, a detachment of the Blues threw themselves across the mouth of the Strand, and the police again formed line under Temple Bar.

THE STRAND AND TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

If the city of Westminster, not having a wealthy Corporation to conduct its affairs, was unable to produce any of those decorations on a large scale which were to be seen in the city of London, its inhabitants, individually, did not fail to give abundant and emphatic proof of their loyalty by decking out their shops and dwellings in the most brilliant gala trappings. The fronts of the houses were lavishly festooned with garlands of artificial flowers; balconies and galleries were hung with crimson cloth; flags of all shapes and hues fluttered in bewildering variety from the housetops, from the windows on the upper stories, and from long lines stretched across the street from one side to the other. The popular colours were naturally the red and white of the Dannebrog, and the red, white, and blue of the union jack, while the popular emblems were the cross of Denmark and the feathers of the Prince of Wales. In some cases, however, the decorators, being afraid, perhaps, lest the general public should not be able to interpret the symbols, and anxious that there should be no mistake as to their sentiments, found expression for them in inscriptions so large and conspicuous that those who ran could read.

On the whole, it must be owned that there was somewhat of monotony in the devices, and there were not wanting cases in which it was painfully apparent that the loyal demonstration was only a flimsy pretext for an attractive advertisement; but in the Strand, as elsewhere along the whole route, the most impressive feature in the aspect of the streets was not so much the temporary embellishments bestowed on them as the dense throng of people who turned out to make holiday. The show, in fact, mainly consisted of the spectators, and to accommodate this vast multitude every inch of available space was turned to the fullest account. Tiers of gaily-dressed ladies supplanted the usual pickle-jars, groceries, millinery, and other wares in the shop-fronts. Doorways and passages were barricaded with seats. As many heads were thrust through each window as it would possibly admit, and there was no parapet or pinnacle of the roofs, no matter how high or narrow, which was not scaled by some enterprising climber, if it only afforded a footing and a view of the procession.

The two churches of St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le Strand were each walked about with spacious galleries, accommodating about 2000 people, and adorned with flags, evergreens, and crimson cloth. The former of these two churches has a special interest in connection with the proceedings of Saturday, for it recalls the old days when the Danes left their mark on English history. It is understood to date its origin from the time when the Danish power in this country was overthrown. A number of Danes, having married English women, and thus formed family ties, were exempted from the general banishment of their countrymen, but only on condition that they confined themselves to the tract of ground between Thorney Island, on which Westminster Abbey now stands, and Ludgate. They accordingly formed a little settlement in that quarter, and built a place of worship, which, when consecrated, received the designation of the Church of St. Clement of the Danes.

The entrances to King's College and Somerset House were also blocked up by galleries, and the vestibules of the theatres in the Strand were transformed into private boxes for the nonce. Further west large and lofty galleries were erected in front of the gaps on the south side of the Strand caused by the railway demolitions. These structures, which were somewhat fantastic in shape and glaring in decoration, were at least serviceable in hiding from the eye the rent walls and ugly heaps of ruin at their back. The Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields was inclosed on several sides by scaffolding for the accommodation of spectators, and a considerable number of persons also clustered on the roof. An immense banner extended across the

street, bearing the words "The Parishioners of St. Martin's welcome their future Princess." Trafalgar-square, of course, attracted a vast concourse of people; but, as the route of the procession lay along the upper instead of the lower edge of the square, only a small number of persons obtained a view of the sight compared with those who might have been gratified in that way had the arrangement been reversed. As it was, all the points of vantage ground, such as the base of the Nelson Column and the pedestals of the other statues, were covered with patient crowds from a little after noon. The upper terrace was also densely thronged. No effort was made to clear the roadway until a short time before the procession was due, and when the mounted constables and Life Guards at length attempted to do so a scene of great confusion occurred. The unfortunate front ranks of the crowd were continually charged by the police in front and thrust forward by the people behind, who were increasing in numbers and growing more violent in their pressure. The conflict of these diverse interests and forces lasted until the procession was almost in sight. For those, however, who were not in danger of having their ribs broken, and could survey the scene calmly from a comfortable seat, the dense mass of beings in the square was a very imposing mass.

For an hour or two about noon the crowds in the Strand were entertained with a review of a number of the volunteer regiments, as they marched to the rendezvous in Hyde Park. The crack corps—such as the Inns of Court, the London Scottish, and the Civil Service—were loudly cheered. By about half-past one, however, the volunteers had all gone by, and there was a sad dearth of amusement for the next hour or two.

After getting out of the City the procession made its way more comfortably and alertly, but it did not reach Trafalgar-square until nearly a quarter past four.

PALL-MALL.

In Pall-mall, which the procession next entered, preparations had been made for its reception with as much diligence as in the great thoroughfares through which it had just passed. No house on each side of the street was left undecorated, and no window unoccupied. The palatial buildings with which it is so thickly studded were dressed up in the brightest colours. Crimson and scarlet were, as elsewhere, the prevailing hues; but there were other colours too, by which these were relieved, at frequent intervals. The blue and white of the houses on the balcony which ran in front of the Carlton Clubhouse distinguished it from its neighbours. A profusion of laurel-leaves served the same purpose for one or two private houses. The War Office was draped all over with folds of crimson and white cloth, and in the courtyard before it were erected tiers of benches capable of holding some hundreds of persons. A balcony in front of Marlborough House—the future residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales—furnished similar accommodation. As at the Carlton, spacious balconies were constructed in front of the Admiralty, the Travellers', the Reform, the Army and Navy, and the other clubhouses. Nor were they long unoccupied on Saturday morning. Ladies, for whose accommodation chiefly they were provided, began to take possession of them shortly after eleven o'clock, and were set down by carriages at the clubhouse doors in one unbroken stream up to not very long before the procession arrived. When they had taken their seats, and the vast crowd which thronged the streets was confined within proper limits on each side by the police, Pall-mall looked proudly gay indeed. It is the site of some of the noblest edifices of which London can boast. Nor were the adjuncts of the scene unworthy the place or the occasion. It was the centre to which mainly, for the moment, all that is most distinguished in the social and political life of the metropolis was attracted. Bright banners—on most of which words of welcome were traced—fluttered about from one end of it to the other; still brighter wreaths of flowers hung beside them in graceful festoons, but more brilliant in its effect than either flowers or banners was the infinite variety of colour of the dresses in which the thousands of the female aristocracy of England were arrayed. A detachment of the Gold-guard lined the street in front of the Duke of York's Column. Another was placed immediately opposite St. James's Palace. Nor, while the eye found much to rest upon with pleasure, was there wanting throughout the morning music to delight the ear. Numerous regiments of volunteers marched through the street between eleven and one o'clock on their way to Hyde Park, and enlivened the air with their martial strains. During all this time a crowd, which was gradually growing greater by hundreds and thousands, had gathered together in every available spot in Pall-mall and its approaches from which a glimpse of the procession could be obtained. From Her Majesty's Theatre, the balconies of which were tastefully ornamented and filled with ladies, along the whole way to St. James's, dense files of eager spectators lined the street from pavement to housetop; and from pavement to housetop, from window and balcony, was Princess Alexandra warmly welcomed as she passed. The people in the street cheered her long and loudly, and innumerable handkerchiefs waved in the air conveyed to her the cordial greetings of the fair occupants of the balconies. The procession wheeled from Pall-mall into St. James's-street, where it still encountered the gaze of thousands equally eager to catch a glimpse of it as were those whom it had just passed. Here, as in Pall-mall, most of the clubhouses are provided with balconies, of which ladies were almost exclusively the tenants. Here, too, the display of flags, banners, and decorations of all descriptions was quite as profuse, and the reception accorded to the Royal party not less enthusiastic.

PICCADILLY.

This long and spacious thoroughfare was not so profusely decorated as Pall-mall, yet it possessed an interest of its own from the mansions of the nobility with which it is interspersed. Cambridge House, the residence of the Premier, was the chief object of attraction, and a dense crowd assembled to view the procession from this point and to witness the greetings which could scarcely fail to take place between the Royal party and the distinguished occupant of the mansion. Lady Palmerston took her seat at an early hour upon a low temporary balcony just raised above the wall of the courtyard, and watched with great interest the successive regiments of volunteers that marched down Piccadilly with bands playing to take up their position in Hyde Park. A slight shower of rain afterwards compelled her to withdraw; but shortly before the arrival of the Royal procession Lord and Lady Palmerston, accompanied by the Duke of Somerset, the Marquis d'Azeglio, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lady Jocelyn, and other friends, took their seats in the centre of the balcony. The Premier, who appeared to be buoyant with good humour and animal spirits, was received with loud cheers by the crowd, whose salutations, both now and subsequently, he acknowledged with great courtesy.

Having given this prominence to the residence of the Prime Minister, we shall ask the reader to accompany us along the route taken by the procession from St. James's-street to Apsley House and Hyde Park. The view down St. James's-street from Piccadilly was superb. In front of Devonshire House, along the entire length of the wall between the two entrance-gates, a range of seats was erected, covered with scarlet cloth, and protected from the weather. About three hundred of the Duke's friends were here accommodated, among whom were Lord Carlisle, Lady Taunton, and the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. The balconies of Miss Burdett Coutts's house, at the corner of Stratton-street, were tastefully draped with red and white. Bath House, the residence of Lord Ashburton, had a staging covered with crimson cloth, fluted with white and purple ribbon, and decorated with choice plants. Among the visitors were Lord Devon and Sir Roderick Murchison. Coventry House, occupied by the Comte de Flahault, the late French Ambassador, was ornamented after the Italian fashion by a brilliant display of costly carpets and shawls. The Duchess Dowager of Sutherland, Earl Russell, the Marquis and Marchioness de Cadore, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and many others, were upon the balcony. The House of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, M.P., was neatly decorated. Gloucester House, occupied by the Duke of Cambridge, at the corner of Park-lane, exhibited a superb Prince of Wales's plume in glass drops, while the pillars of the balcony were wreathed with evergreens. Below the drawing-room windows were four flags—two Danish and two containing the Prince of Wales's plume. Sir Edward Kerrison's

mansion, at the corner of Hamilton-place, was most gaily decorated. Mauve, yellow, and crimson draperies, looped up with white and red roses, extended from the drawing-room windows to the ground floor, and flags of all colours floated from the windows. The Duke of Marlborough, Lord and Lady Stanhope, and Lord and Lady Castlereagh found a place on this balcony. But the most beautifully decorated mansion in Piccadilly was that of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England, in Hamilton-place. A line of flags of all nations, like a ship's bunting on a gala day, flew from the roof to the outer palisades. A flag waved from each window, and the balcony pillars were tastefully wreathed with holly and laurel. The front of the house was hung with drapery divided into three compartments. The centre, of white satin and gold, contained the Star and the Order of the Garter; the two side compartments were of blue satin studded with gold stars. The effect was very gay and cheerful. A scaffolding, covered with red drapery, was erected in front of the unfinished mansion of Baron Rothschild, and provided accommodation for a large party of visitors. The next and last mansion on the Piccadilly line of route, Apsley House, was appropriately, though not gorgeously, decorated; but the triumphal arch forming the entrance into the Green Park, surmounted by Wyatt's colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, and, on the other side of the road, Apsley House and the handsome entrances into Hyde Park formed a fine terminal point for the procession as it turned into the park.

The approach of the procession was notified by an increase of pressure at the junction of Albemarle-street and Piccadilly. Hundreds of persons, after seeing the cortege pass Trafalgar-square, made a rush up the Haymarket and across Leicester-square, and threw themselves upon the crowd in Piccadilly. The 2nd Life Guards, who kept the ground along Piccadilly, in vain endeavoured to stem the current. They were reinforced by some of the mounted police; but were at length obliged to charge the crowd rather roughly, and to use the flat sides of their sabres before they could drive the people back. Order was, however, soon restored, and the cortege, so long desired and awaited, slowly wound into Piccadilly from St. James's-street.

The carriages containing the burgesses and other officials of Westminster excited a very moderate amount of emotion on the part of the crowd; but the moment the Royal carriages came in sight a spontaneous and hearty cheer sprang from the lips of the spectators. This was succeeded by a gaze of quickened curiosity and followed by a murmur of admiration as the fair young face, flushed with pleasure and delight, sought by turns every portion of the crowded thoroughfare. At Devonshire House the Princess exchanged many graceful courtesies with the titled personages there assembled. Yet she by no means neglected the humbler classes, who filled the footways on both sides. At Cambridge House, the pace of the Royal carriage, slow as it was, was moderated in order to enable the Royal party to exchange friendly and almost individual salutations with the Premier and his friends. The Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, and Prince Christian joined in these courtesies with marked affability, and the Royal salutations were of course returned with *empressment* by Lord and Lady Palmerston and their friends. The pleasure which this recognition gave to all parties was instinctively felt by an English crowd, and the cheering at this moment was deafening. Earl Russell, the Duchess Dowager of Sutherland, Comte de Flahault, and the party at Coventry House also shared in the special attentions of the Princess and the Royal party. Another mansion honoured with a distinct recognition was that of the Duke of Cambridge, where the Duchess and Princess Mary waved their handkerchiefs. So far as it was possible, the Princess appeared to wish to thank every unit in the vast assemblage for coming out to see and welcome her. Blessings involuntarily rose to the lips of rich and poor as she passed; and thus gracious, smiling, giving and receiving pleasure amid a running and ever-renewed roll and current of hearty English cheering, the Princess passed into Hyde Park, to enjoy the imposing spectacle which there awaited her.

HYDE PARK.

At Hyde Park-corner the procession entered on a novel phase. It had wound its way so far beneath the forest of steeples, of public buildings, of clubs and merchant palaces, with their undergrowth of private dwellings and galleries erected for the occasion. The Princess had been welcomed with naval, military, and civic greetings, with the voice of ships at sea, the joyous clamour of multitudes on shore, the deep reverences of England's capital, with every emblem of loyalty and love which taste could suggest or expenditure achieve. Affecting as the different stages of this reception must have been, so far the Princess Alexandra had only seen in a heightened degree what she might have witnessed had her lot been cast with the heir to any other of the great European thrones.

But in Hyde Park a spectacle awaited her which is not to be viewed beyond the free soil of England. An army of 17,000 men, representing all arms of the service, marched to that green sward, as they had done once before, to prove their fidelity and zeal to the Royal House of England. Among the units of that vast array there was not one with whom arms was a profession. The members of every corps—citizen and provincial—left their homes and ordinary pursuits that morning and returned to them again that evening. In the interval, it is true, they were soldiers, whose efficiency appeared in their collective bearing not less than in the records of official inspections. But they were something more than military machines—motive power other than their own good will might have tried in vain to mass them where they stood. According to the official programme 14,000 men were to have been brigaded within the inclosures at two o'clock, but at half-past two battalions were still pouring through the several gates allotted to their entrance, and in such strength that the conjectural returns of the previous day were exceeded in the aggregate by 3000 men. The Inns of Court Volunteers, whose punctuality has never failed, were first to arrive; they were on the ground a little earlier than one o'clock. An interval elapsed before the other corps approached, but when they did present themselves they came in a living tide. The inclosure into which their march was directed consisted of a large space of ground marked out by iron railings, and extending from near the statue of Achilles to the road in front of the Marble Arch. It is not easy to say to which of them, next to the Inns of Court, the credit of precision in their attendance is to be given; but the Middlesex batteries of Artillery, constituting a noble body 800 strong, were probably first in getting into position. They brought with them eight 18-pounder guns of position, drawn by some of Piccadilly's finest draught-horses, and handled these huge weapons as if they were so many wheelbarrows. The 48th Middlesex (Havelock's), several of the Surrey corps, the Civil Service, the London Scottish, the London Irish, and other well-known regiments followed in rapid succession, and the spectators—as wave after wave of men surged onwards and passed them by and the hum of advancing music heralded the approach of fresh contingents—began to doubt the possibility of finding space for the vast host within the limits of the inclosure. The police, to do them justice, prevented everyone from entering but those who were entitled to do so. Many a man who had accompanied a regiment on its march along the streets, through the courtesy of friends, who allowed him to fill up a vacant space in one of the "fours," was fished out at the critical moment. Many a mounted friend of the Staff officers experienced a similar check on the threshold of the inclosure; and apparently the only persons in plain clothes who succeeded in passing the searching police filter were those who had obtained leave to carry the big drum. In order to make the most of the available space, and to facilitate the formation of the line, a general order had been issued limiting the strength of companies to a maximum of 32 files and a minimum of 24 files. Officers accompanying the regiments were also restricted to the regulation allowance—namely, three for each company; but those who were thus excluded from the ranks were allowed by way of compensation to enter the inclosure as spectators. The distribution of brigades was conducted on a principle analogous to that which obtains in many streets of modern erection—that is to say, all the odd numbers were placed on one side of the avenue through which the Royal cortege was to pass, and all the even numbers on the other. The secret of this arrangement lay in the desire to group the masses, as far as possible, according to colour, and to keep the neutral tints of the uniforms distinct from more decided shades. Hence, at one



THE RECEPTION OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA—THE LADY MAYORESS PRESEN



ING THE PRINCESS WITH A BOUQUET IN FRONT OF THE MANSION HOUSE.

side, the military barrier paled from the dusky hue of the Civil Service to the light grey of Oxford University; and the corresponding line at the opposite, which began with flaming scarlet, cooled through intermediate hues of blue and green to cold and sombre black. The total force present amounted to 17,000 men, and was divided into eight brigades.

One or two amusing incidents occurred among the volunteers. Shortly after the whole force was massed upon the ground a great cloud of fluttering pieces of paper floated up into the air, and alighted in masses on the ground, which was literally covered by this singular carpeting. The explanation of this was simple enough. The gallant citizen-soldiers were taking refreshment, and the papers floating about so thickly were the bags in which their sandwiches had been brought to the field. A little later a dense cloud of smoke rose over the ranks, and it seemed for a moment that a real emission of warlike vapour had proceeded from the ranks of the volunteers; but the smoke was not that of powder, but of tobacco, not much less than 17,000 cigars and pipes having been lighted almost simultaneously.

The force was opened out into line shortly before half-past three o'clock. It was not, as usual, two, but four deep; and even with this arrangement, which practically represented eight lines of the equanimity of a mile in length, there was not a vacant space into which another battalion could have been crowded. This calculation of course refers to volunteers, and excludes the public, who were here, as at every other part of the route, in overwhelming numbers. What they saw or hoped to see beyond the assembling of the volunteers it is difficult to conjecture, for they were kept by the police and a troop of the 18th Hussars full fifty yards beyond the railings, and when the avenue of volunteers was formed the troops were, of course, between the public and the Royal equipages. As a matter of course, numbers of women were in the front row, indifferent, with few exceptions, to the dangerous proximity of the iron railings; and, equally, of course, they had on their most distended garments. The monotony of waiting and watching the weather, which held out gallantly long after it seemed that torrents were inevitable, was relieved by occasional onslaughts on the occupants of the trees, who had climbed to heights dangerous to themselves and all below. Incited to action, doubtless, by the presence of the First Commissioner of Works, one or two active constables ascended in pursuit of hardy recusants who had set the authorities at defiance. One of these was torn down literally piecemeal, so far as his clothes were concerned; but as the place of the ejected was always occupied evenfold by others, and as the conflicts in mid air were more detrimental to the trees than any amount of peaceful occupation could have been, the struggle was abandoned, and hundreds remained peaceably aloft, keeping watch for the first glimpse of the procession.

At last, as half-past four drew nigh, the human rookery in the trees exhibited symptoms of excitement, and announced that the cortege was coming in sight. The glad tidings that the cortege was at last in view were received by the multitude with positive relief, for during the day alarming accounts of "steppages at London Bridge," and of "accidents at the Mansion House" had reached the Park, and an urgent request for cavalry was forwarded to Colonel M'Murdo by a commander of volunteers in the City, who stated that if assistance was not promptly dispatched his corps could not hold their ground, and the lives of five hundred men would be imperilled.

The space immediately within the series of arches and balustrades which gives admission to the park was kept by a guard of honour consisting of the first battalion Scots Fusilier Guards and a squadron of the 18th Hussars. This military cordon, displaying to advantage the architectural features of the arches, formed, at the moment the procession entered, a framework to one of the most picturesque tableaux in the day's proceedings. The Westminster authorities dropped off at this point, and only the six Royal carriages entered the Park. When the first of these passed into the inclosure a loud and ringing cheer was raised, which redoubled when in the fifth carriage a slight and graceful female figure was distinguished, and by many mistaken for the Princess. But the presence of the Prince of Wales in the sixth carriage leaving no room for doubt as to the identity of his fair companion, the flood-gates of enthusiasm were loosed. It seemed for a moment to be snowing white handkerchiefs, so general and so violent was the agitation of these emblems. The cortege passed at a walking pace between the double line of volunteers, and when the glittering throng had passed, sufficient testimony to the beauty of the Princess and to the interest her presence excited was afforded by the universal admission of officers and men that they felt "awfully jealous" whenever she bowed to the other side, and not to them. The procession ultimately passed out of the Park by the Marble Arch, where another guard of honour, consisting of the 2nd battalion of Grenadier Guards, was stationed. The local authorities of Marylebone and Paddington preceded the Royal party from this point to the Great Western terminus, in the same manner that the dignitaries of Westminster had previously conducted it through that portion of their jurisdiction traversed by the route. During its progress along the intermediate thoroughfares, the procession was hailed with the same enthusiastic greetings as in other quarters of the metropolis, and passed under two triumphal arches, in the erection of which considerable expense had been incurred.

THE RAILWAY STATION AT PADDINGTON.

The arrangements within the Great Western Railway station at Paddington were most complete and satisfactory. The Royal reception-rooms, the entrance to which is immediately opposite the steps in Eastbourne-terrace, had been entirely renovated and redecored for this occasion in the most chaste style.

A variety of beautiful plants in flower tastefully ornamented the reception apartments. The inner vestibule opens to the platform, and here arrangements were made for the comfortable accommodation of 2000 ladies and gentlemen who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets of admission to witness the departure of the Prince and Princess, a central space of between 30 ft. and 40 ft. square on the departure-platform, immediately communicating with the reception-rooms, being reserved for the unobstructed passage of the Royal party, with their retinue, to the train. Five commodious and substantial galleries were erected, two across the platform and one on each side, extending the whole length of the station downwards. To give every one a full view of the proceedings it had been considerably contrived that the train should leave, not by the usual departure but by the arrival platform, so that the Royal party had to walk from the reception-rooms across the down platform and pass by a broad bridge which spanned the line to the arrival platform before they could reach their carriage; and this arrangement afforded the means for the erection of another gallery extending over the line to the right of the gangway, and also for the accommodation of a number of more select visitors, who had chairs assigned them on both sides and level with the gangway.

The station was decorated with wreaths of flowers, evergreens, and a profusion of flags and banners. Opposite the Royal reception-rooms was hung the Royal standard, the Danish flag, the Greek flag, and a variety of union jacks. The platforms and gangway were covered with rich scarlet Brussels carpet. The galleries were lined inside and out with scarlet cloth.

At five minutes past three o'clock the guard of honour, consisting of a company of the Grenadier Guards, under the command of Sir Charles Russell, entered the station, the band playing a favourite march.

At five minutes past five the arrival of the Royal cortege was announced by the loud cheers of the crowd assembled outside, and all within the station instantly rose from their seats and remained uncovered. The directors and officials were all prompt at their appointed posts. Mr. Saunders, the secretary, received their Royal Highnesses and conducted them through the outer vestibule into the State reception-rooms. Meanwhile the Royal attendants, in scarlet liveries, proceeded along the gangway to the train, and in a few moments the Prince of Wales, leading Princess Alexandra, was conducted across the platform to the Royal carriage, the guard of honour presenting arms and the band playing the National Anthem. The appearance of their Royal Highnesses was the signal for a loud and universal acclaim of joyous welcome, which the Prince and the Princess acknowledged with the most gracious and graceful cordiality.

They took their seats, with the Royal relatives of the Princess, in the State compartment of the saloon carriage, their retinue taking seats in the next carriage and several of the directors in the coupe, amid protracted cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

At fifteen minutes past five, the train, which was driven by the Earl of Caithness, and Mr. Gooch, the locomotive superintendent of the line, slowly left the station, the bands playing "God Save the Queen" and the Danish Anthem; while the enthusiastic shouts of the joyous assemblage seemed to re-echo the prayer,—

That all that can make up the glory
Of good and great may fill their story.

SLOUGH.

The journey from Paddington to Slough was accomplished in about thirty minutes; the same manifestations of sympathy and loyalty being observable on the western as on the eastern side of the metropolis. At Hanwell, the inmates of the asylum were out in full force with their band and banners—made happy by participation in the joy of the day. It was nearly five o'clock when the train reached Slough, when, to the surprise of all, it was found that rain had been falling heavily for some hours. Here Lord Carrington, as Lord Lieutenant of the county of Buckingham, was in waiting to receive the Prince and Princess, who graciously acknowledged his presence. The Crown Prince of Prussia, with Prince Louis of Hesse, and Princess Arthur and Leopold, had come over from Windsor some time previously to meet the Royal party. Their Royal Highnesses having exchanged salutations very cordially, the illustrious party entered the Queen's pony carriages and drove off to Windsor Castle amid the acclamations of a great crowd of spectators.

The Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra were seated in the first carriage, while the other four were occupied by the rest of the Royal party. On leaving the station the Royal cortege, preceded by their escort, proceeded through Slough underneath the two elegant arches which had been erected over the road at the entrance and on the outskirts of the village. They were welcomed at every turn by the cheers of the assembled spectators. Along the Slough-road the carriages were enabled to proceed at a smart pace, rendered necessary by the inclemency of the weather, the rain pouring down in one incessant shower, and by the lateness of the hour.

ETON.

It was hardly to be expected that the Eton boys would content themselves with the cold "Gratulation Etona" of their arch as a welcome to Princess Alexandra. If any one for a moment supposed so he must soon have learnt other wise when he saw the determination with which they mustered in front of the college, despite a very heavy fall of rain. "Jewess" were the order of the day—every Eton boy wears a hat, from the very smallest—and it is well that beavers are aquatic, or they would most certainly have declined to face the torrent.

The road on the college side was occupied by the masters (with their families) and the boys who do not belong to the rifle corps, which was to keep the road on the other side, in front of the handsome boarding-houses which here, combined with the college, give the route an ancient grandeur very pleasant to behold.

Presently, preceded by a band of fife and drums playing stirring strains, on marched the volunteers to take up their position. They stepped out briskly, in their becoming grey uniforms, with its Cambridge-blue facings, halted—marking time—faced to the left, fixed bayonets, and stood, about four hundred strong, in two lines, facing the college. They showed signs of good drilling, and behaved very well, and their officers were most officer-like—in particular their Captain, who gave the word of command like an old soldier. It must have been cold work, standing in the rain as they did for more than an hour, while darkness gathered in, and the lamps of the illuminations began to glimmer like glow-worms among the evergreens. No doubt many of the young warriors envied the freedom of their schoolfellows over the way who could indulge in putting their hands in their pockets. As the minutes passed, it was possible to see along the line, here and there, some more fidgety member of the corps enlivening his time by tickling a neighbour with the point of his bayonet, or snapping his rifle and then looking round to see who did it.

The boys on the college side of the road were "chaffing" the police very amicably, and laughing and pushing whenever the mounted constables barked those sagacious horses of theirs, that never seem to tread on any one, against them. There was a laugh, too, at times when the watermen, in resplendent blue coats, silver badges, and white ducks, went by. Their faces in work-a-day clothes were familiar to the lads in many a pull up and down the river; and they did not appear comfortable, and consequently looked ridiculous, in their holiday wear. Nobody could well resist a smile at the white ducks dabbling in the rain; and it was impossible to repress risibility when one saw that wondrous incongruity—a waterman carrying an open umbrella!

By this time the arch was blazing with all its lamps and the college glittering with fiery tracery. The effect was capital. At length Inspector Clarke, of the Bucks constabulary, galloped up on his white charger, and the scene woke to bustle and preparation. The ring of the Life Guards' accoutrements was heard, and the advanced guard trotted through the arch, their horses rearing and plunging when the Esquians of the Eton Corps lowered their colours to the Royal carriage, which now drove up.

The cheers, musical and clear, for they were chiefly boys who shouted, echoed and re-echoed again and again. The corps presented arms, cheering all the while, and doubled off alongside the carriage, into which, with unwelcome but necessary celerity, the Provost had handed his addressee.

Thus the fair Princess passed before England's great public school, hailed with loud and incessant cheers by that English youth which is to grow up as a guard and bulwark of the throne on which she is hereafter to take her place.

The remaining carriages and the remainder of the escort were loudly cheered also, and, flashing back the rays of the innumerable lamps and torches blazing on every side, the procession went at a smart pace through the town arch and up the main street of Eton, a wave of tumultuous sound following it as it went, to break, at last, in a tremendous burst, at the entrance of the Princess's future home—the castle of Windsor.

WINDSOR.

Windsor Bridge was reached in a few minutes, and here, near the triumphal arch over Thames-street, which was gaily decorated and illuminated with coloured lamps and festoons, and devices of every kind, were stationed the Mayor of Windsor, the Recorder of the borough, and Town Council. An address was presented, or more properly speaking, "thrown in to the carriage" here by the Mayor.

Scarcely a pause was made at this point, and the cortege at once proceeded at as rapid a pace as was consistent with the safety of the throng up Thames-street, the sides of which were most brilliantly illuminated, and so round the base of the noble old castle on Castle-hill, amid the cheers of the populace, the waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies in the windows, the merry peals of bells from St. John's Church, and royal salutes fired from the most unexpected positions, and in the Bachelor's-acre, till it passed through a triumphal arch here erected, near which the Windsor Rifle Volunteers were drawn up. These presented arms, but the band did not play, as this was forbidden by her Majesty. Under the direction of Superintendent Bager, of the Windsor police, and Inspectors Baker and Walker, the procession was enabled to reach the castle with perfect ease, the arrival in the quadrangle of the castle taking place about half-past six p.m. The children belonging to the Queen's schools at Cumberland Lodge were drawn up near the entrance to the castle in the Park, while the school-children of the town were placed along the mound of the castle itself, and fronting Thames-street.

The illuminations in Windsor were very general; nearly every shop and private house had its separate design in coloured lamps, transparencies, and devices, many of them exceedingly tasteful and well executed. The Townhall was illuminated with rows of coloured lamps around the cornices and windows, while the banks and other large establishments were likewise appropriately illuminated. Across Thames-street, but more especially Peascod-street—a narrow, sloping

street and busy thoroughfare—so numerous were the flags and banners suspended over the roadway that the streets were almost darkened in the latter part of the afternoon. At night, in spite of the unceasing rain, the town of Windsor presented a perfect blaze of illuminations. It was not till an extremely late hour that Windsor finally settled down to the quietness of a country town, after the greater part of the visitors had been taken down by the Great Western and London and South-Western Railways had returned home, though many remained in spite of the severity of beds in the town.

THE CHAPEL.

WHEN, a few minutes since, the Royal fact went forth, and the loyal and faithful hopes of the Queen learned that it was their Sovereign's pleasure for the nuptials of her dearest son to take place in the Chapel of St. George at Windsor, a feeling not unreasonably akin to disappointment arose among the public that the claims of that unpretending town should have been preferred above those of London, the chief city of the empire and the world. It was urged that the sister of the bride-room—the charming and amiable Princess Royal—had been married at St. James's, and that it was in the chapel of the same ancient palace that the union of her Majesty with the revered Prince Consort had been celebrated three-and-twenty years ago. If St. James's were held to be too narrow a shrine, it was pleaded that an ample one could be found in the Chapel Royal of the magnificent banquet-hall at Whitehall, with its ceiling roof redolent with the glories of Rubens's genius, and its flood of historic memories—some of them, perhaps, too melancholy to be dwelt upon with complacency in modern times. Finally, it was submitted that, if no precedent existed for the performance of the ceremony in one or other of the great metropolitan cathedrals—in the basilica of St. Paul, or the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster—such a precedent might, under a number of circumstances and actual considerations, be most gracefully and judiciously created. The Royal decree was, nevertheless, irrevocable; and the quiet little Berkshire borough maintained the pre-eminence conferred upon it by the consecration of her Majesty. After all, this arrangement was, perhaps, the best that could be made; for St. George's Chapel, Windsor, contains within itself almost both architectural and historical, which are not to be found elsewhere. Windsor Castle is undeniably the real home of English Royalty. It may have other castles, palaces, and villas scattered all over the land; but in those, and comparatively insignificant spots, it is but a bird of passage. Windsor is the domestic sanctuary of our Kings and Queens, their chosen birthplace, their most cherished abode, and, alas! not unfrequently the fated scene of their death and their burial. That stately Chapel of St. George—grey, crumbling, hoary, and, without, almost ruinous in aspect, but flowing within with rich tracery, painted windows, oak carvings, and burnished gilding—possesses far more lustre than all the renovating architect's cunning can give to it in the reminiscences of glory and fame which are indelibly associated with its history. In those halls, gleaming with heraldic brasses—in those storied banners—in those dim side chapels, crowded with monumental effigies of the dead—written one of the noblest and most stirring chapters of the history of England. The Chapel of St. George is the consistory of the famous Order of the Garter. The young bridegroom who on Tuesday led his bride to the altar is a Knight of that most illustrious order; the warriors and statesmen who gathered in his marriage train are many of them privileged to circle the knee with the magic strip of blue velvet, to wear the massy collar and glittering badge, to don the flowing robe, and to be marshalled as Knights by Garter-King-at-Arms. In those heraldic plates, nailed almost carelessly to the panels of the stalls, is written, as in a *libro d'oro*, the glowing chronicle of baronial achievements, of deeds that have been sung by minstrels, illustrated by painters, and recited in the sounding prose of grave historians. Between the fretted tracery of those stalls may be discerned—bound now in glittering now in tarnished brass, now decorated in colours varied and brilliant as the modern herald-painter can make them, now in faded and phantom-like hues—a whole library of "Household Words" familiar in the mouths of all who cherish the history and venerate the traditions of their country. From the gallery of St. George's Chapel have been witnessed some of the most sumptuous pageants in which the splendour-loving Edwards and Henrys were wont to revel. The chapel has seen the "utmost magnificence" of Catholic worship when the ancient faith was dominant in this land—when the fragrant incense curled to the groined roof, and priests in stoles and copes, and bishops with mitres and croziers, officiated in the place now occupied by the soberly-clad divines of the Church of England, and when the summit of the screen dividing the nave from the choir was a roof and not an organ-loft. All things, then, considered, the selection of St. George's Chapel—if, even, the distinct expression of the Royal will did not enforce cheerful acquiescence—may be justified by a score of motives; and certainly the splendid spectacle presented on the now memorable Tuesday, the 10th of March, when his Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was united in the solemn bonds of matrimony to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, bore out in every way the programme of "utmost magnificence" which had been foreshadowed.

THE MORNING.

The happiness of the bride upon whom the sun shines is assured by the cheerful wisdom of a good old English proverb, which, like a great deal more of our axiomatic philosophy, is not the less strongly commended to national regard from the fact of its connection with that national topic—the weather. The sun did not shine when crowds of expectant people flowed into Windsor on Tuesday morning, and it seemed a moot question whether he was to shine at all. However, the assemblage round the grey castle walls had not reached a fourth of its ultimate proportions when the lowering clouds rolled farther and further apart, and the sun did indeed burst forth gloriously. Windsor, as may be supposed, was full; but there was an absence of any excessive thronging, such as marred the pleasures of many who essayed to enjoy the sight of Saturday's pageant in London. The decorations of the town had received additional touches up to almost the hour appointed for the departure of the bridal procession from the State apartments of the castle. From end to end of Windsor these gay devices spread in unbroken continuity, flags fluttering, banners waving, streamers undulating, festoons hanging in graceful, sweeping lines from window to window, and from house to house, and every doorway looking as if it were the entrance to a floral bower. The morning was cold—very cold. White frost lay on the grass, and the air was raw and chill beyond even the anticipations of those who had watched the weather narrowly and apprehensively for some days before. Rain they would not have been surprised to see, but winter, in its unmistakable sharpness, was more than any one among them had thought of predicting. Platforms and seats within and without the bounds of the castle were occupied by shivering ticket-holders long before eleven o'clock. Sooth to say, the bare and comfortless sheds provided for some hundreds of spectators were at no time warm enough to sit under without much stamping of feet, or an occasional walk on the gravel below. Nothing but the pervading happiness of the day could have thawed those hapless prisoners into such an enduring state of good humour as beamed in all their faces.

ASSEMBLY OF THE GUESTS AND SPECTATORS.

Carriages of all kinds were allowed to convey their occupants through the triumphal arch and up the hill; and the contrasts of the equipages were very striking. Now it was a Royal vehicle, with its resplendent hammercloth, bright crimson panels, richly-gilt wheels, springs, and carvings, and magnificently-dressed coachman, his cocked hat covered with bullion, his wig crisp and white as a frozen eddy, and his face as ruddy and fresh as the nosegay on his gold-laced chest; and now it was a fly or cab, the driver apparelled for the occasion in the height of that peculiar style which horsey men affect. There was now and then a splendid phaeton, a handsome wagonette, or a four-in-hand drag, filled with travellers from afar, who looked as they might have looked if a wedding had been about to take place in front of the grand stand at Ascot. Continually and without ceasing carriages passed up the hill and through St. George's gate

THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

ALDERMAN ROSE, the new Lord Mayor of London, is of Scotch extraction. He is sprung from the Roses of Nairnshire, the head of their house being possessed of and living at Kilravock Castle.

For the particulars of the military and other exploits of this ancient family the reader is referred to a book published by the Spalding Club, and carried through the press by that eminent antiquarian Mr. Cosmo Innes. It is said that "on almost every battle-field where the British have been engaged a Rose of Kilravock has shed his blood;" and, though we do not endorse this high eulogy of the family, we are certain that Major Baillie Rose fell at the battle of the Alma, and that Lieutenant Rose was killed whilst heading a detachment in the attack on Gwalior in the suppression of the late mutiny in India.

Our present business is with Alderman Rose himself, and we wish to speak of him merely as a citizen of London, and especially as an inhabitant of Queenhithe ward.

It is not too much to say that this ward has of late years been singularly fortunate in its aldermen. And for this the inhabitants of the ward deserve some credit, because they have generally determined in case of a vacancy to elect one of themselves who either lived amongst them or was connected with them by business. It was thus that Alderman Venables was elected; it was thus that John Kinnersley Hooper became alderman; and it was thus that the present Lord Mayor became alderman; consequently, he became successively inquestman, common councilman, churchwarden of his parish, and ultimately alderman.

In the year 1813 Alderman (then Mr.) Rose started in business in Queenhithe. His active habits soon pointed him out as worthy to take a lead in parochial and ward matters. The particulars of his election to the aldermanic gown we will state by-and-by. In 1855-6 he served the office of sheriff, and has now been installed as Lord Mayor.

When he put up for the office

of alderman he was opposed by Mr. Sheriff Croll. The chief objection then made to his election was that he was too young; and many of the most influential gentlemen in the ward opposed his election on this ground. Still, the old feeling of having an alderman chosen from amongst themselves influenced the greater part of the electors; and he was chosen, certainly not by a large, but, nevertheless, a respectable majority.

All contested elections leave a little bitterness behind, and such was the case in the ward of Queenhithe. But in the year 1856, only two years after his election, whilst he was serving the office of sheriff, the ward determined to obliterate all marks of past disagreement; and the parties who had been opposed joined in giving him a dinner, which took place at the Star and Garter, Richmond—no member of the ward being absent except through necessity. And everything has since proceeded as harmoniously as ever.

When Mr. William A. Rose began business at Queenhithe he was a bachelor. His present, however, is his second wife. His first wife was a widow, Charlotte, the relict of T. M. Flockton, Esq., who died three years after marriage. He married his present wife, Charlotte, daughter of the late Captain Snow, and granddaughter of Colonel Snow, Deputy Adjutant-General in the Madras Army, in 1857. There is one child, a daughter.

In 1857 Mr. Rose offered himself, together with his friend Mr. Kennard, as candidate for the representation of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, in the Tory interest; but, declining to give pledges, he was not elected. Nevertheless, at that time the Tory interest carried Mr. Kennard.

Ever active and strongly patriotic, we may not be surprised at the success with which his efforts have been crowned in raising so noble a body of volunteers in the city of London. He has spared neither expense, nor exertion, nor time, to make the London Brigade, in which he holds the rank of Major, what it is. And it has been

THE RIGHT HON. W. A. ROSE, THE NEW LORD MAYOR. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.)



SCENE FROM MR. WALLACE'S NEW OPERA, "LOVE'S TRIUMPH," AT THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

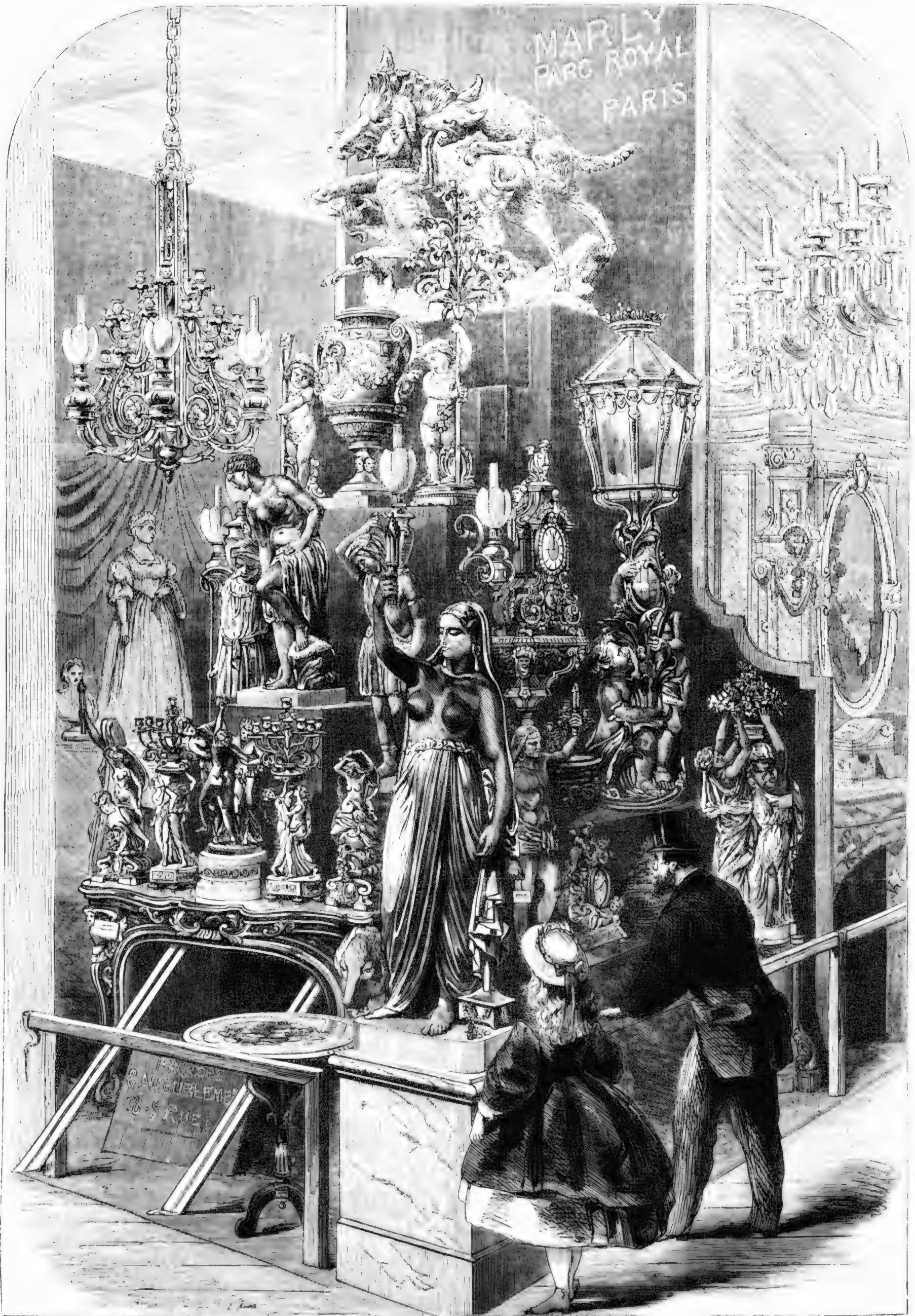
FATAL DUEL—A fatal duel took place a few days ago at Nimex, France, between two sub-officers of the 11st Regiment of the Line, named Sizion and Jridy. A corporal had complained of the harsh treatment he received from Sizion, when Jridy interceded, and recommended his brother officer to use more moderation towards a man whose conduct had been always irreproachable. This interferer was exasperated Sizion, who made use of some insulting language, and the result was that a duel was decided on. An applicant was on the following day made to the Colonel for authorization to fight with pistols, which was refused, as was also a request for the grant of a barracks for the loan of a brace of pistols. Fools were then declared on, and a meeting took place close to the barracks, and at the spot passed Sizion was run through the heart and fell dead on the spot. The deceased was only thirty, and had obtained the military medal.

member of the Turf. "Yes, I am sure of it," was the reply. "Then come, and give it 'em still." The gentleman who overtook this was anxious to learn what "give 'em still" meant, and therefore quietly followed the horse man into the betting-ring, and there he soon discovered that he was betting against his friend's horse. It need not be said that the horse did not win. This gentleman told him to go and get an uncommon one. He looked at the pointer of the Turf, who never bet, tells me that he has never seen a horse so badly whipped." "There may be," said the other, "but I have not seen any such," "and these are very few. All the horses that I have seen by the way are all more or less dark." It then occurred to me that *These correspondents*—that no horrible man would bet when there was no positive and local contingency—for he asserts that, in the race-course there is no absolute contingency. The stakes are to them demonstrated to be absolute contingency. And when I narrated the above before he laughed at me as a greenhorn, and assured me that the same thing is done every day.

referred to his Grace the Duke of Cambridge, and so needs no remark in this column; but, as the morals of the Turf are freely discussed just now, an anecdote illustrative thereof may not be out of place. No long ago a gentleman was on the Grand Stand upon a racematch, and involuntarily heard this conversation between a notable member of the Turf and another person, a short horsey-looking man in a long rough greatcoat, which looked as if it had been sprinkled with snow:—"You think so, do you, Jen?" said the

FATAL EXPLOSION ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—A terrible accident occurred on Saturday last at the cleaning-shed of the Great Western Railway station, by which one of their engines blew up and three men were killed. The engine, which was about twelve years old, was used mainly as a pilot-engine, and was prepared to be so used about six o'clock on Saturday morning, when the boiler, without warning, exploded, causing the engine to make a jump of nearly six yards. Two men, who were cleaning the engine at the time, were blown to pieces; and two men, who were cleaning a adjoining engine, were so fearfully scalded that one died soon after, and there is not much hope of the other. The value of the engine was about £2000, but the injury done to the shed and to the other engines standing near was also very great.

MUSIC MANIA.—The French papers of last week gave the story of a strange and, in its way, touching political trial, where, on the chance of its being true, M. Plâtreux, a boy apprenticed to one Derivich, a turner, and bearing an excellent character, was brought into court for stealing an organ deposited by a Piedmontese stroller in the passage of the house. The culprit's defence was that he could not resist the desire of borrowing it to make music with it. Derivich, the turner, attested in evidence that the boy's determined passion for music broke out in every conceivable form. Plâtreux could remember, said the master, and he could sing, every tune he ever heard—saved up all his sons to buy a flagolet or a pipe, or any toy he could get a sound out of—and, failing these, play at whistling to the leg of a table or chair, or other make-believe substitute lying about in the turner's shop. He had secretly possessed himself of the irresistible organ; and when the neighbours had complained of the noise coming out of the garret in the fifth story after nine o'clock at night, he had covered it (he owned in his defence) with a quilt, so as to stifle the sound—not so thoroughly, though, by that the Piedmontese, on returning and finding his treasure gone, was directed by scraps of a known tune, to the place where the boy was enjoying himself. The magistrate, on the strength of the evidence artlessly given by the turner, the Piedmontese, and the offender, acquitted the boy of any intention to steal. Should the name of Plâtreux ever become famous in music, here is a tale to range with those of the piffered candle by which Sebastian Bach set up to copy Lutehude's fugues, and of the harpsicord clandestinely studied by Arno in the top story of the upholsterer's warehouse in Covent-garden, and the thousand other devices of strong propensity under difficulties.



BRONZES, BY GRAUX-MARLEY, IN THE FRENCH COURT OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

MESSRS. THONET BROTHERS
"BENT-WOOD" FURNITURE
AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

THE desideratum in furniture, like that in architecture, is to secure at the same time lightness and strength and complete beauty of form without that insignificance of appearance which results from a want of regular solidity. There has never been a happier effort to secure these results than in that remarkable "bent-wood" furniture displayed by M. Thonet Brothers in the Austrian Court at the Great Exhibition; and it is not surprising to learn that the demand for chairs and couches has been greater than could be immediately supplied. The whole of this furniture is constructed on the principle of maintaining the entire elasticity of the wood and of avoiding unnecessary joints, so that it is almost indestructible and may be subjected even to very severe tests without apparent injury. The backs of the chairs and the hind legs are formed of one piece of wood bent to the required shape, so that the grain runs through the entire length, and is scarcely more likely to be broken by a simple fall or by any ordinary stress than the bough of a tree of the same dimensions. Some of the chairs are so constructed as for the back and legs to be removable—an immense advantage in packing furniture.

Unlike most of the furniture which offers these improvements in lightness of framework and ready adaptability, these specimens of Austrian workmanship are of truly elegant and varied designs. Whether they be ornamented with scrollwork or supplied with plain cane backs the "line of grace and beauty" is necessarily preserved, since the very process by which they are made forbids an awkward angle. More than this, they are amongst the easiest of seats, while the rocking-chairs are the lightest, the most graceful, and, we might say, the laziest we have seen.

Already many large asylums and hotels are adopting the chairs, while all the bedrooms of the Grand Hôtel des Capucines, in Paris, has been furnished with them. Indeed, nothing so cheap and serviceable could be found for the rather rough wear to which the furniture of large establishments is liable. The manufactory of these bent-wood chairs and couches is in the Carpathian Mountains, between Hungary and Moravia, in the district of Koritchan. More than 1200 workpeople are constantly employed, and this little army of operatives supply about five hundred chairs a day throughout the year.

Those of our readers who remember the attention which was attracted by this beautiful furniture at the Great Exhibition will scarcely be surprised to learn that it obtained for Messrs. Thonet Brothers five prize medals.

In conjunction with the furniture there was also exhibited some very beautiful parqueterie flooring, all the more noticeable since it was entirely free from those painful errors in taste which are so often displayed in work of the same description. For beauty and grad-

ation of colour, simplicity of design, and general effectiveness, the parqueterie of Messrs. Thonet is admirable; and there is little doubt that the public appreciation which both this and their furniture received at the exhibition will follow them to the Crystal Palace and to their warehouse on Ludgate hill.

THE GERTRUDE EMIGRANT-SHIP.

LAST week was an interesting one to the friends of New Zealand. The accompanying Sketch, taken at Gravesend, represents the passenger-ships Gertrude and John Duncan on the eve of their departure. Both ships belong to Messrs. Shaw, Savill, and Co's line, and, combined, they take out between six and seven hundred souls.

The John Duncan is a ship of 1000 tons register, originally constructed to convey passengers to Canada, and she is therefore provided with many appliances not always to be found in ships built without special adaptation to the passenger trade. She takes out about 130 single females, for whom assisted passages are provided at the expense of the Otago Government. A considerable number of these girls have been selected by Miss Maria S. Rye, who goes out as a passenger herself. Her object in undertaking the voyage is—first, to acquaint herself, from personal observation, with the requirements needed for promoting the wellbeing of people on shipboard; and, secondly, to ascertain the numbers and description of females who can

be profitably provided for in the various New Zealand and Australian colonies. We may confidently anticipate much good from the visit of one whose fine and single-minded philanthropy is controlled by the practical wisdom which is so conspicuous an element in Miss Rye's character.

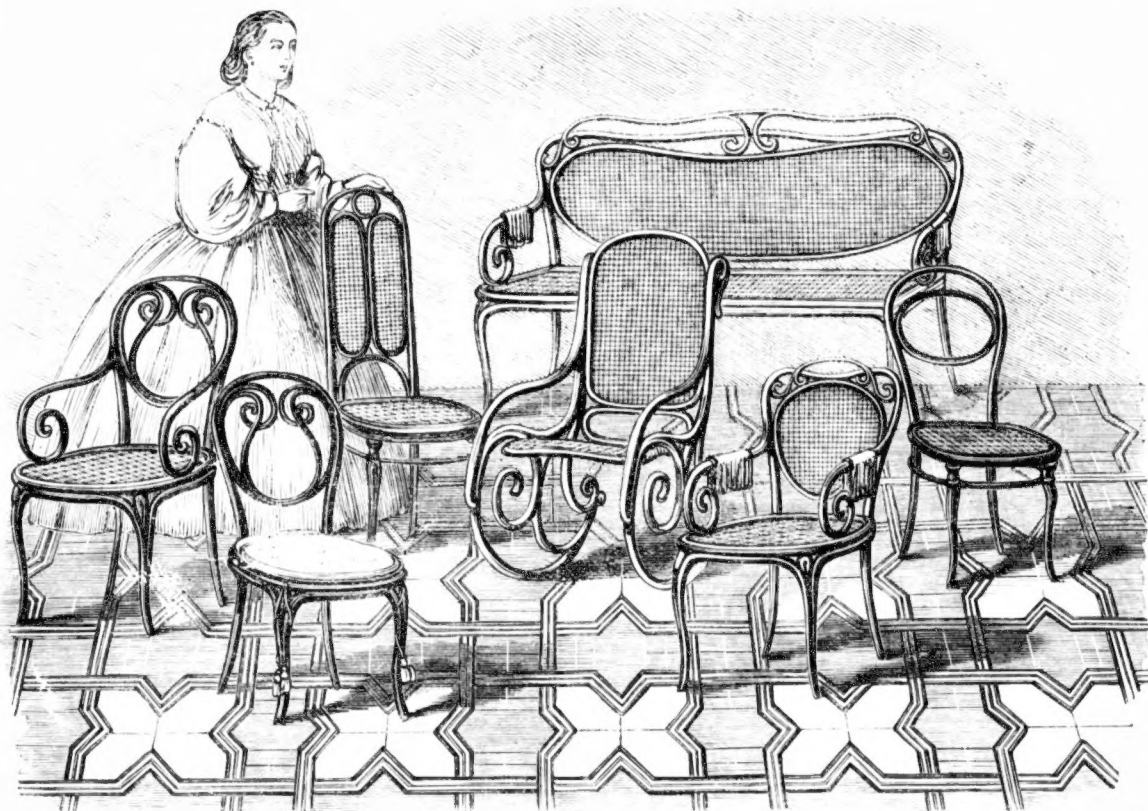
The Gertrude, of 1300 tons register, which forms the prominent object in our Engraving, is a noble and roomy passenger-ship. More than half her passengers are enrolled members of the Christian Colonisation movement, and is the fourth detachment the association has sent out. This scheme was originally designated the Nonconformist colony; but in its progress it was found judicious to abandon even the appearance of sectarianism, and the society now comprises men of all denominations of Christian faith. Its success has hitherto been remarkable, about 1200 persons having joined its ranks; and, including as it does all classes, from the capitalist to the labourer, we think there is not much fear of its further progress and advancement.

Both ships got away early last week, and there are hundreds of homes in England from which prayers will go forth for their safe arrival at their destination.

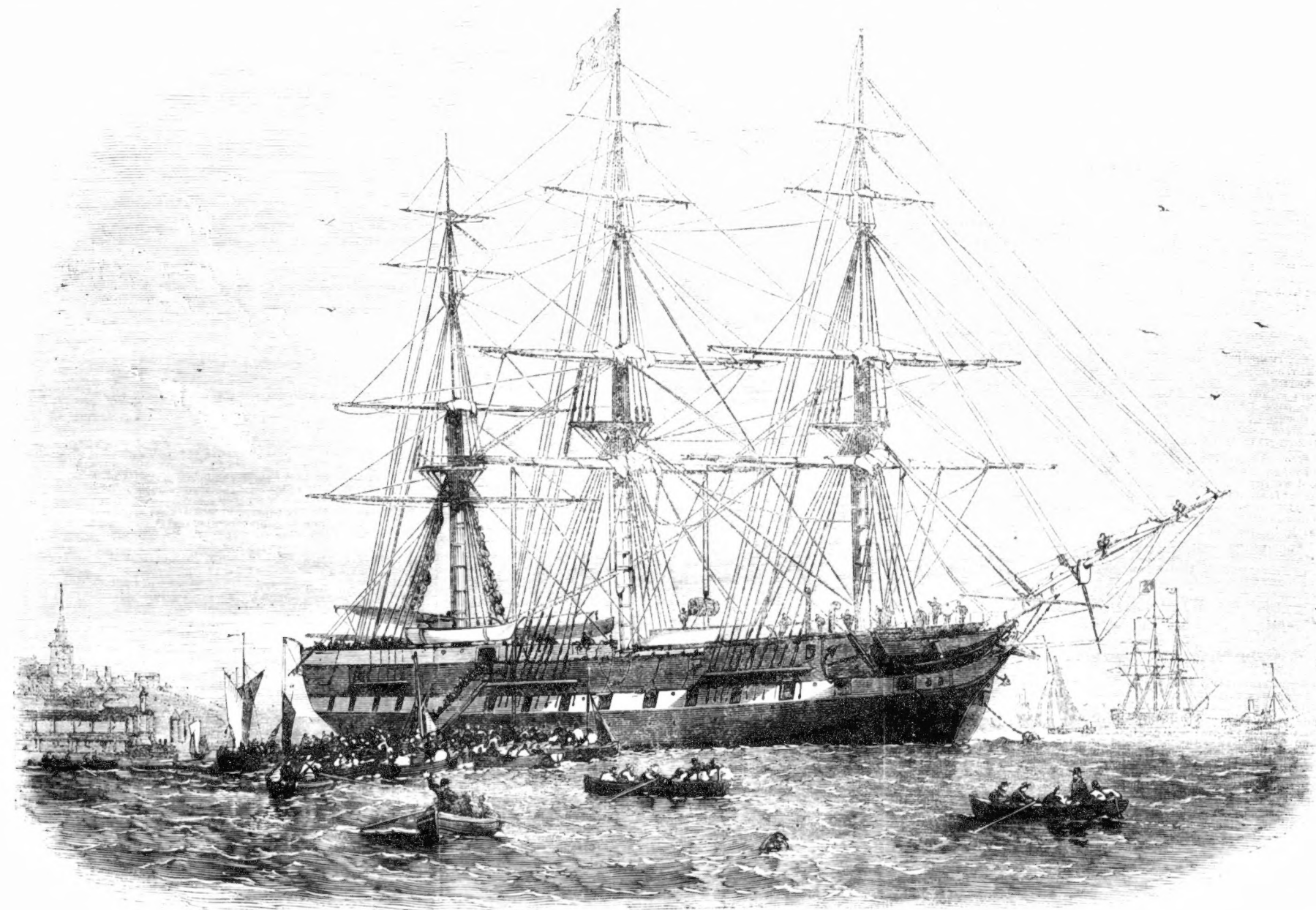
THE
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
SALES BY EXHIBITORS.

WITH few exceptions all the exhibitors seem to have done very well in the matter of sales, and, what is far less usual, all appear quite willing to admit the fact. The most marked and the most important exception to this prosperity has, perhaps, been in the case of France. There is no concealing the fact that she has not fared nearly so well in the disposal of her goods as other foreign countries. The latter, as a rule, will take scarcely anything back from England, while of the whole stock of goods originally shown in the French Court a very large proportion must, it is said, return to Paris, where they will certainly never realise the prices which were unhesitatingly demanded for them here. At the very outset of the exhibition the exorbitant sums asked for even second-rate articles de Paris excited the surprise of Englishmen, who, though liberal to a fault in the terms on which they are willing to gratify such whims of taste, were yet perfectly well aware of the real value of the objects, and declined to buy them at South Kensington for some 35 per cent more than they could be got in Piccadilly or Bond-street. Some few French manufacturers and exhibitors have done tolerably well, but, as a whole, our neighbours, in proportion to the extent of their display, have been less successful than any foreign country.

The most fortunate in a commercial point of view has been Austria. Her display not only attracted great attention for its intrinsic merits, but equally so for the remarkable moderation of the prices and the good faith kept with the purchasers in really giving them the articles they chose, an example by no means universally imitated either on the English or foreign side of the building. Thus Austria finds that



FURNITURE AND PARQUETERIE FLOORING, BY THONET BROTHERS, OF LUDGATE-HILL, IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



THE GERTRUDE EMIGRANT-SHIP.

at the close every single article she showed for sale has found a purchaser, and not only this, but the foundation of what promises to be a permanent trade in articles in which the Viennese excel has been laid with this country. One Vienna manufacturer alone has, it is stated, received orders for upwards of £10,000 worth of goods from private persons, though until the exhibition his very name was unknown in this country. This, though the most marked, is far from being the only instance of the kind. Not a little of the success has been due to the untiring vigilance with which their chief commissioner, Chevalier Schwartz, has looked after the interests of his exhibitors, and showed them the practical value of the old maxim about small profits and quick returns. To this gentleman the Austrian exhibitors attribute their good fortune, as they have proved by subscribing among themselves the very magnificent sum of nearly £2000 to present him with a fitting testimonial in recognition of his services. This testimonial the Chevalier has declined to receive for himself, and, in compliance with his known wishes, the money thus subscribed will be invested as a "Schwartz fund," to be used to enable the best of the Austrian workmen to pay short visits to the factories of England.

Next to Austria in success comes Russia, the Zollverein, Greece, Egypt, and Turkey, the first and last named having been especially fortunate, selling nearly all they brought, and, in the latter case, at almost any prices they liked to ask.

The Brazilian collection—a small but most perfect one—has throughout been beset with the inquiries of would-be purchasers; but, from some unaccountable blunder, no prices were sent with the goods shown, so that it is impossible to judge whether they are fair samples of staple industries or only extraordinary specimens got up for the occasion. From this grave error the Brazilians have to an opening in our markets which may not soon present itself again, an error all the more to be regretted as their examples of tea, coffee, sugar, rice, tobacco, cotton, silk—in short, all the raw products which make nations wealthy and powerful—are said to have had few superiors in the building. The Ionian Islands have also done well; and it is needless to say how fortunate have been the exhibitors of the splendid collections shown by Rome and Italy.

On the English side, among the colonies and dependencies, Victoria and India have carried off all the honours, not alone of exhibiting, but the more substantial remuneration of the sales. Canada, too, and Jamaica, have gained high honours in the exhibiting departments, and have also done very much in the extension of their trade with this country. Generally speaking, however, on the English side it is those branches of manufacture which are either useful or ornamental, or both, such as glass, porcelain, decorative furniture, carpets, silks, &c., which have done best. The sale of these articles and the orders for duplicates have been literally immense. Scotch manufacturers, as represented by the fabrics of Paisley and Glasgow, have been remarkably successful. The cheap and beautiful shawls sent from the former town were constantly referred to as instances of the high charges in the French Court for fabrics of no better quality, though more than double the price; and Paisley came out of the competition against the shawls of Paris, Vienna, and even India, with a higher and better reputation than ever. The best Paisley shawls are now scarcely to be distinguished from the best French goods of the same class, though the price of the latter is from £25 to £30, of the former from £6 to £9. According to present appearances there seems no reason why Paisley in a few years should not almost monopolise the market.

Ireland has done almost better even than Scotland. Her poplin silks have had an immense sale; with the dearth of cotton her linen trade is fast extending; her Balbriggan hosiery is becoming one of the most important branches of home manufacture; and for the same reason—cheapness of production—is likely to drive all other hosiery out of the trade, as her laces have confessedly beaten those of Belgium and Valenciennes. To her in all these branches the exhibition has been an important gain. Staffordshire must look to itself, for it is against the Potteries that she is now about to enter the lists. Strange as it may sound in these times, it is nevertheless true that no firm in Staffordshire can introduce machinery into their works to make general goods for the great export trade of this country, and unless goods are machine-made they do not afford a sufficient margin of profit to drive foreign competitors out of the market. Recently, however, a large and apparently inexhaustible bed of the best porcelain clay has been found on the west coast of Ireland, at a place called Belleek, near the mouth of the Shannon, and here extensive factories are being erected, in which, for the first time, all cups, saucers, dishes, &c., will be made by machinery for the export trade, and before long, we should expect, for the home trade too. Staffordshire, therefore, must make up its mind to have machinery in the Potteries, or it is likely to go to the wall in this unequal struggle.

THE FRENCH BRONZES.

We place before our readers another Engraving representing the bronzes in the French Court of the exhibition, the general excellence of which fully warrants the special attention which we have sought to call to them. Our present illustration represents the works of art in bronzes exhibited by Graux-Marley, which rival those of M. Victor Pailiard, which we noticed last week, and are well entitled to the attention of connoisseurs. Indeed, as a general rule, these French bronzes are quite unique of their kind, and, as most of the manufacturers have established permanent agencies in England, those of our countrymen whose tastes lie in the direction of this particular branch of art will have ample opportunities of enriching their collections with specimens of some of the finest productions in metal which have been seen in modern times.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHAMPTON.—At Southampton there is a large crop of candidates for the vacancy in the representation caused by the death of Mr. Wilcox, which occurred a few days ago. The Mayor of the place, Mr. Perkins, the chairman of the Royal Mail Company, Captain Mangles, Mr. J. R. Croker, the Hon. Mr. Cowper; the Hon. Mr. Ashley, private secretary to Lord Palmerston; Mr. George Thompson, formerly M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, and the Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Alderman Rose, have all either announced their candidature, or are spoken of as likely to offer themselves.

TOTNES.—Mr. Thomas Mills, M.P. for Totnes, died suddenly on Monday morning. He had gone out to hunt with Lord Dacre's hounds near Hatfield, and was in the act of paying the toll at a gate which he had to pass, when he fell forward in an apoplectic fit and died almost immediately. He was a magistrate for Middlesex and Hertford, and had sat for Totnes, on the Liberal side, for the last ten years. It is said that Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., will be the Liberal candidate for the vacancy in the representation of Totnes.

NORTH DERBYSHIRE.—One of the Liberal members for North Derbyshire, Mr. W. Pole Thornhill, has, it is said, determined to resign his seat. The cause assigned for this step is declining health. Mr. Thornhill has sat in Parliament for the county since 1853, when he was elected on the retirement of Mr. Evans.

WESTMINSTER.—It is said that Sir de Lacy Evans intends shortly to retire from the representation of Westminster, which he has held, with two short intervals, ever since 1833.

IMPROVEMENTS IN NAPLES.—A correspondent, writing from Naples on the last inst., gives the following particulars of the improvements now being effected in Southern Italy:—"It is very encouraging to observe the daily signs of a new and healthy life on which the Italians are entering, and I shall do a good service to a good cause by noting them. Thus, a regular service has been established between Ancona and Messina, and some first-class steamers have already arrived from England. Three railways run, or will run, from Rome to Civita Vecchia, Ancona, and Naples respectively, when Papal opposition shall have been withdrawn; and the north and south of Italy will then shake hands. A common line has been laid down from a point not far from the Quirinal, and will run to the outside of the walls of Rome, whence the three lines above mentioned will diverge. Of course his Holiness will throw all the difficulties he can in the way of the Neapolitan line especially; but, as the pressure from without has already compelled some progress, so it will compel much more, even from the College of Cardinals. Owing to disasters occasioned during the latter years of the Bourbons, the telegraphic communication between Sicily and the main land has been impaired, though not interrupted; but now a new cable has been laid down, or joined to the one in existence, with four conductors, and the communications with Sicily are much easier. Thirteen new telegraphic offices, too, have been opened in the southern continental province, and six in Sicily, while a journal announces that it has its own private telegraphic correspondence with Spina. Thus vitality is being infused into this interesting country, and the dry bones are shaking and coming together and clothing themselves with flesh."

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

"LOVE'S TRIUMPH" is advertised to be played four times a week, and its success hitherto has increased in some respects at each fresh representation. This success will last all the longer now that Miss Louisa Pyne has determined not to fatigue her beautiful and proportionately delicate voice by singing regularly every night. Four representations, with two entirely different characters to sustain in each, are certainly enough for Miss Pyne in one week.

The two characters allotted to our celebrated soprano in "Love's Triumph" have not, by-the-way, made the impression on the public that must have been intended by the author. Every one renders justice to Mr. Planche's regards the execution of the libretto in a more literary point of view. It is in the conception that he has failed, or rather he has misconceived what the French author, whose story he has borrowed, had conceived clearly enough. This comes of wishing to be original at the wrong time and in a wrong manner. In MM. Noddesville and Laya's comedy of "Le Portrait Vivant," a young lady and a young lady's portrait play prominent parts, and every one understands that the portrait and the young lady are quite distinct. In Mr. Planche's adaptation of the said comedy, a young lady and another young lady are so much alike that no one can tell one from the other. They have the same features, the same voice, and, being represented by Miss Louisa Pyne, sing in a style quite peculiar to themselves, and unapproachable on the part of other young ladies. We do not say that, with an immense deal of attention, it is still impossible to understand Mr. Planche's plot; but we do say that, on the whole, it is a very mystifying conception, and that the third act is a puzzle which it takes a great deal of trouble to find out. The Burgomaster's daughter comes in and goes out. The Princess does the same and comes in. Then the Prince goes out and comes in, and the Burgomaster's daughter does the same, until the good people who are reading Mr. Planche's libretto, instead of listening to Mr. Wallace's music, do not know what to make of the affair, and while they are endeavouring to solve the mystery lose some of the best pieces in the opera. It has been suggested by an intelligent contemporary that the part of Theresa (the Burgomaster's daughter) might as well be cut out, saving as much of the music as it may please Miss Pyne to retain, and transferring it to the part of the Princess. Somewhat or other, the duality of Miss Pyne ought certainly to be done away with.

The manner in which Mr. Wallace's opera is performed and put upon the stage reflects the highest credit on all concerned. Of Miss Louisa Pyne's admirable singing we have already spoken, and we believe we have mentioned, what in any case we may here repeat—that Mr. Harrison gains great applause both as a vocalist and as an actor by his effective assumption of a naturally very slight part, to which he contrives to impart considerable importance. Miss Laura Bixter continues to be encored in the time-like opera in "you" given to the page—a part which will, nevertheless, be set in all sorts of keys, for all sorts of instruments and voices. Mr. Weiss gives out the bass music with his coming effect; and Mr. Corri's the Dutch burgomaster sings vigorously and moves about the stage with an agility which shows that—other requisites being forthcoming—he would be well suited to play the part of the hero in Herr Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer."

The scenery, costumes, and other accessories are got up in a very superior style of taste, elegance, and appropriateness; and some of the tableaux are exceedingly effective. The last scene in the second act, where the bewildered burgomaster, Groof, sees in the princess what he believes to be his own daughter, is especially striking, and is the one portrayed in the illustration on page 469.

Mr. Wallace's new opera will doubtless have a long run. But operas are not played 1050 times in fifteen years like the "Green Bushes," or 300 times in one single year like "Peep o' Day;" and it is said that long before the success of "Love's Triumph" has been exhausted the composer will be ready with another work, while Mr. Balfe has one actually finished.

We have heard nothing of the English Opera Company lately, except that it has entered the disputation phase, at which all these joint-stock associations for operative purposes seem destined sooner or later to arrive. The letters of one or more of the discontented members have been printed in the *Musical World*, but do not appear to have been called forth by any misgivings as to the success of the speculation in an artistic point of view. There would probably be room enough in London for another English opera if the second one were to confine itself to the production of light works, and to be carried on generally on a small scale. But we doubt very much whether an opera of any kind could be managed by a company composed of musicians and singers—in short, by an operative company. Every holder of a certain number of shares would expect to be accommodated with a first prize, and perhaps the only possible way of satisfying the majority would be by offering the principal characters to the chief shareholders in rotation. Some plan of this kind was tried for a number of years at the Boho and other theatres, when amateur actors were in the habit of exhibiting themselves. The largest subscribers took the best parts. Thus a payment of two pounds enabled the payer to appear as "Hamlet." He could come out as "Horatio" for half-a-sovereign, as the ghost for a few sixpences, as the gravedigger for a few pence. It is true, the public did not like the system very much, and, as a rule, did not attend the performances; but it is impossible to please every one. In joint-stock associations for getting up theatrical representations of any kind either the pleasure of the public or the vanity of the shareholders must always be sacrificed.

At the next Monday Popular Concert Mr. Joachim will appear for the last time but two previous to his departure for Hanover.

GEOGRAPHICAL COURSE OF PESTILENTIAL DISEASE IN 1861-2.

At the opening meeting of the present session of the Epidemiological Society a narrative was read by Dr. Milroy of the progress of some of the chief pestilences which have prevailed during the last twelve months in foreign and distant countries of the world. The cholera has continued to rage in many parts of India, especially in the North-West Provinces, Peshawar, Kohat, and various other places, suffered severely during the summer. About the same time Cabul, Candahar, and other districts to the west of the Indus, were infected, and the scourge was also present in Basrah, at the head of the Persian Gulf, and in the pashalic of Bagdad, along the course of the Tigris. Towards the end of 1861 it broke out at Bombay, and since then it has appeared in many parts of that presidency, more especially in the malarious provinces of Guzerat. Several places also in the Deccan, intermediate between Bombay and Madras, suffered. In Cochinchina the French troops had been very sickly, and numerous deaths had arisen from cholera. In China proper, and also in Japan, the pestilence had been extremely fatal; the mortality in Shanghai and Peking, and in Nagasaki and other towns in the latter country, is said to have been very great. A fatal outbreak occurred during the summer at Jeddah, on the Red Sea, and vast numbers of the Moslem pilgrims perished.

In the Western Hemisphere the yellow fever has been very fatal in many places in the Caribbean Gulf. Soon after the landing of the allied forces at Vera Cruz it appeared among the Spanish, French, and British soldiers, and caused great mortality. In our small force of about 600 men upwards of sixty were swept away in less than two months; and, as there was every prospect of the disease increasing as the summer heats advanced, it was wisely determined to re-embark the marines, and remove them to a cooler climate. The losses among the French and Spanish forces are believed to have been very large, but no authentic statement has been published.

During the present summer Havana, and Nassau, in New Providence, one of the Bahama islands, seem to have been the chief seats of this malignant tropical fever; several of our ships of war and many of our merchant vessels suffered severely. On the west coast of Africa, which many persons have fancied to be the birthplace in the first instance of yellow fever, it prevailed with great fatality at several points of the Gold and Ivory Coasts, which have hitherto escaped its visitations, at least for many years past. Loango, also, and other places to the south of the Equator, are said to have been infected during the year.

A short history of an extremely severe and long-persistent epidemic of typhus fever in Iceland during the last few years was then given. A paper on Anomalous Exanthemas was also read by Dr. B. W. Richardson. At the next meeting of the society, an account of the principal epidemic and epizootic diseases during the last twelve months in Great Britain will be communicated by Mr. J. W. Radcliffe.

A PARIS PAPER states that a pamphlet of great interest will shortly be issued from the pen of Prince Napoleon's secretary (in plain words, we presume, from the pen of Prince Napoleon himself), entitled "The Pontifical Government Judged by French Diplomacy."

JUDGE LYNCH IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

On the night of April 17, 1861, I was awakened out of a sound sleep about eleven o'clock by three men, who requested me to accompany them to Jeffersonville, a small town on the St. Francis River, eight miles distant. These men I had often met. One of them I regarded as a good friend, and had some confidence in the other two. I asked for time to dress and get ready, which they cheerfully granted. I carefully loaded and capped my "revolver," and, saddling my horse, started with them, like Paul, "not knowing what was to befall me there," but I fear without much of the spirit of the good apostle, of whom I had learned in the pious home of my childhood. I soon found that these "carnal weapons" essential safeguards in that place, though if I had been an apostle I might not have needed them.

On the way to town my friend Buck Serjants—he deserved a better name—asked me to ride forward with him, and gave me this information and advice: "You are now going to be tried by the Phillips County Vigilance Committee on suspicion of being a Northern man and an Abolitionist. When you reach the grocery where they are assembled, seat yourself on the counter in the back part of the room, where, if you have to defend yourself, they cannot get behind you. Make no studied defence, but calmly meet the charges at the firing time and in half words. Keep cool, and use no language which can be tortured into an offensive sense, and, if possible, I will save you. If the worst comes, draw your pistols and be ready, but don't shoot while there is hope, for you will of course be killed the instant you kill any one else."

I listened very intently to this advice, given as coolly as if he had been chattering about an every-day concern, and concluded that all depended on my coolness and steadiness of nerve when the final struggle came, and resolved to sell my life dearly if it must be sacrificed to the fury of a council of prosecution. To my proposition to escape then, having a revolver, he would not assent, as he had pledged his honour to take me to the Vigilance Committee. Honour is as essential among Yankees as among thieves, and all I could do was to brace myself for the encounter, of the nature of which I had but an imperfect conception. About twelve o'clock we reached the place, and I was ushered into the presence of fifty or sixty as graceless as sinners as even Arkansas can present, who greeted me with hisses, grins, and cries of "Hang him!" "Burn him!" &c. Two-thirds of the mob were made up of the vilest filth which abounds in such localities, and few, if any, were entirely sober. The hope that my innocence would protect me, which I had cherished until now, vanished; for I well knew that drunken cut-throats were blind to reason and rather offended than attracted by innocence.

Order was soon restored, and my friend Mr. Serjants was called to the chair. In this I saw a ray of hope. The constitution and by-laws of the Vigilance Committee were read; the substance of which was that, in the present troubled state of the country, the citizens resolve themselves into a court of justice to examine all Northern men, and that any man of Abolition principles shall be hung. The roll was called, and I noticed that a large proportion of the men present were members of the committee; the others were boatmen and hatters collected about the town. The court of Judge Lynch opened, and I was put upon trial as an "Abolitionist whose business there was to incite an insurrection among the slaves."

The first efforts of the chairman to get the witnesses to the point were unsuccessful. A mob is not an orderly body, and a drunken mob is hard to manage. General charges were freely made without much point. One cried out, because I refused to drink with him, "This should hang him; he is too white-livered to take a drink with gentlemen; let him swing!" "Yes," shouted another, "he is a cursed Yankee scoundrel; hang him!" In a quiet way I showed them that this was not the indictment, and that hanging would be a severe punishment for such a sin of omission. To this rejoinder some assented, and the life seemed for a moment to be settling in my favour, when another, "He is too 'fornal smart for this country. He talks like a Philadelphia lawyer." (Arkansas would be a poor place for the members of the legal profession from the city of brotherly love.) He comes here to teach us ignorant backwoodsmen. Well show him a new trick—how to stretch hemp—the cursed Yankee!" At length the chairman got them to the specified crime. "An Abolitionist! an Abolitionist!" they cried with intense rage. Some of them were too drunk to pronounce the word; but the more sober ones prevailed, and they examined the evidence. The hearsay amounted to nothing, and they piled me with questions as to my views on slavery. I answered promptly, but briefly and hesitantly, that I held no views on that subject to which they should object, and that I had never interfered with the institution since I came among them, nor did I intend to do so. My calmness seemed to baffle them for a moment, but the battle was passed, and I noticed that all reason fled from the majority. Words grew hot and fiercer, and eyes flashed fire, while some actually gnashed their teeth in rage. I saw that the mob would soon be uncontrollable unless the chairman brought matters to an end, and suggested that, as there was no evidence against me, they should bring the trial to a close, when to my surprise they produced the letter written to my father but thirty-six hours before as proof conclusive that I was a Northern Abolitionist. I then saw, what I have had abundant evidence of since, that the United States' mail was subject to the inspection of Vigilance Committees in the South at their pleasure. The refusal of these committees did not allow them even to apologise for their crime. The only phrase in the letter objected to was the unfortunate but truthful one, "This is a hard place." I never felt its force as at that instant. It served as a catchword for more abuse. "Yes, we'll make it a hard place for you before you get out of it, you 'fornal spy!" &c. The chairman argued, rather feebly as I thought—but he understood his audience better than I did—that the letter was free from any proof against me, that I was an innocent-looking youth and had behaved myself correctly, that I evidently did not know much about their peculiar institution, and he thought I had no designs against it. They then went into a private consultation, while I kept my place upon the counter, though gradually moving back to the further edge of it. I saw the crisis was at hand, for another hot angry argument was going on in knots of men all over the room. My life was suspended upon a breath, and I was utterly powerless to change the decision whatever it might be; but I must say that my nerves were steady and my hand untreacherous—the unwelcome calamities of one who knew that death was inevitable if they should decide in the affirmative on the charge, and who was determined to defend himself to the last, as I well knew any death they could bestow in that was better than to fall into their hands to be tortured by their hellish tortures.

During the consultation one Butler Cavins, who had a good deal of influence (he owned about twenty slaves), left the grocery with five or six others and was absent about ten minutes. He returned with a coil of rope upon his arm, elbowing his way through the crowd, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I am in favour of hanging him. He is a nice, innocent young man. He is far sadder for heaven now than when he learns to drink, swear, and be as hardened an old sinner as I am." I could not, even at the peril of life, refrain from retorting, "That, Sir, is the only truth I have heard from you to-night." My friends, yet few and feeble in the advocacy of my cause, seemed slightly encouraged by this rebuff, and gained the ear of the rabble for a little. Cavins could not be silenced. "This is a fine law, boys; it has swung two Abolitionists. I guess it will hold another. Come on, boys!" and a general gathering up in the form of a semicircle, crowding nearer the counter, occurred. At the same moment, jumping back off the counter and displaying two six-shooters, I said, "If that's your game, come on; some of you shall go with me to the other world! The first man that makes another step towards me is a dead man." There was one moment of dread suspense and breathless stillness; hands were tightened on daggers and pistols, but no hand was raised. The whole pack stood at bay, convinced that any attempt to take me would result several of them to certain death. My friends, who had kept somewhat together, now ranged themselves against the counter before me, facing the crowd, and Buck Serjants said, "He has not been convicted, and he shall not be touched." James Niet and Deusey Jones, the other two who had aided in my arrest, joined Serjants; and their influence, added to the persuasive eloquence of my pistols, decided the wavering. In twenty seconds more than twenty votes were given for my acquittal, and the chairman declared, in a triumphant voice, "He is unanimously acquitted." The unanimity, I confess, was not such as I would have desired, but all agreed the youngster had pluck, and would soon make as good a fighter as any of them. With a forced laugh, which on some faces ill concealed their hatred, while others made an unfeigned attempt at coarse wit, they adjourned, voting themselves a drink at my expense, which I must perforce pay, as they had generously acquitted me. I confess to an amiable wish that the dollar I had on the counter of Cavins for a gallon of whisky might some day give the rope to tighten on his craven throat, though I did not deem it wise to give expression to my sentiments just then.—"Thirteen Months in the Rebel Army." By an Impassioned New Yorker.

THE EX-QUEEN OF NAPLES.—A Turin letter of Nov. 2 says:—"The ex-Queen of Naples is about to return to Rome. It required nothing less than the eloquence of Mr. Nardi, who was sent to the Ursuline convent at Mantua, after the check experienced by Mgr. Grassano, to persuade her to go back to her husband. The news of her determination is given in the *Gazzetta di Venezia*, of which Mr. Nardi is a correspondent. It is in the Farnese Palace, and not in the Vatican, that Francis II. and his wife will resume the experiment of a ménage; but the Queen Mother Maria Theresa will continue to live in the apostolical place. This arrangement explains the origin which has long supplied food for illustrated stories. Most painful reasons have been assigned for the separation of the dejected King and his wife, but they are quite unfounded. The truth is that the young Queen, who is of a sprightly, joyous nature, was constantly rebuffed by her mother-in-law, who formerly at Naples, and lately at the Quirinal, insisted upon that stiff and wearisome etiquette which prevails at the Austrian Court. The young Queen got so thoroughly tired of her mother-in-law's 'nagging' that she ran away, with the full intention not to return. Mgr. Nardi proposed to her, as terms of capitulation on the part of her husband, that the Queen Mother should not live with them, and that the young couple should have a separate establishment at the Farnese Palace. These terms are accepted, and the wife of Francis II. has promised to leave the convent in which she has sought a refuge." In opposition to this statement, the *Press of Vienna* asserts that the ex-Queen of Naples has at length, after much hesitation, resolved more firmly than ever not to return to Rome, but to remain in the Ursuline Convent at Angsburg.

Woodcock, Chemist, Lincoln.

M A P P I N B R O T H E R S,
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